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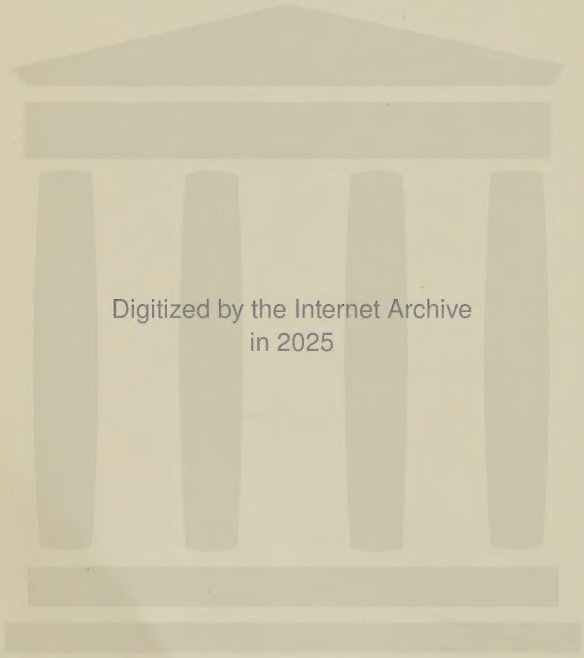

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HYMNS EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW

"Again, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed halls."

HYMNS THAT EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW

A SELECTION OF THE BEST HYMNS OF ALL NATIONS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

EDITED BY

DOLORES BACON

Hymnology
TPC
10960

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FOREWORD

It is fitting that music, the one supremely emotional art, should have been chosen by David as the enduring expression of a religion which is the unfailing emotional resort of the human temperament.

The history of hymns begins before David: Zoroaster, Confucius, and Buddha had lived, and a religion without hymns is inconceivable; even if it be one that has its roots deep in the profitable soil of philosophical thought. But it is the hymnody beginning at the time of David with which this book has to do. It was he who first made religious songs for the worship of God and put them to tunes, and it was Ezra who took up the work where David left it off. From the day of those great Jews until now the volume of sacred song and tune has been added to in every quarter of the earth. What David did in a manner comprehensible to those of his time, Martin Luther did for another people; Watts and Wesley for still another and modified group of Christians; and finally a very modern spirituality has been reflected by Moody and Sankey. It is interesting to compare David and Ezra with Moody and Sankey.

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A true hymn is made of several defined and perfectly recognized elements, and the first of these is reverence. Then we must have sublimity of expression rather than commonplaces which, in their relation to the subject, become vulgarities; and these things, together with fervor, are none of them inconsistent with great simplicity of expression. When imagery is used it must be of the highest sort else the result is buffoonery.

It would be impossible to include all the hymns of the world worthy to be recalled, but so far as space and an incomplete judgment permit, the hymns that have endured longest and meant most in Christian religious history have been included.

David's hymns speak of the Oriental, sensuous necessity for something superhuman. Luther's speak of a sublime resistance, ordered by an heroic conscience. Watts' of a gentler moment, when the emotions demanded rest and soothing.

During the interregnum between Watts and Moody, there came the lugubrious, unadjusted Puritan, less religious than fanatic, and his songs were neither pregnant with meaning, suggestive of spirituality, nor remotely beautiful. In all times there have been exceptions to the rule which directs attention to the prevailing fashion of feeling, but for the most part the above outline is correct.

The most powerful hymn tunes are of the early Christian time, — perhaps in the fifth, and again in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The "Ancient Plain-Song," although its words are

somewhat apochryphal to the present generation, is a fine example of great hymn-writing. Its marvellous transitions from major to minor, its limited register, its simplicity of tune-idea, — all its elements suggest the truly inspirational.

Bach and Händel, Haydn and Beethoven swell the list with Heavenly sounds, and Mendelssohn comes afterwards with his somewhat thin melodiousness, telling of the paucity of his musical ideas, but very sweet and beautiful and always legitimate, in frequent combination with Wesleyan feeling. We cannot think of the modern composers, such as Sir Arthur Sullivan and Gounod, — beautiful as much of their music is, — as makers of hymns. They were simply makers of some very beautiful music put to sacred words.

The adaptation of secular airs and of operatic fancies to sacred uses is often very happy in its results, and these have been popularly accepted as hymns because they have been attached to words of a sentimentally sacred character, or because they are fascinating as music, though without special hymn quality.

The extraordinary irregularity of congregational singing used to be due largely to the fact that hymns were written without signature and everybody sang to the time he knew best; he seemed to try that which he knew worst. It is very remarkable that congregations should have pulled through at all under the circumstances.

There is a reason which stands above all mortal

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analysis for the inclusion of certain hymns. Who, having lived within the time of their universal use, or within the time of that generation which knew them, would forget certain hymns which have become ours through sentimental affinity? When *Antioch*, *Boylston*, *Coronation*, *Olivet* shall be forgotten, even by the least superstitious of minds, then the little child shall have ceased to love his mother's arms, women shall no longer find time to love their children, and maybe we shall fall to despoiling the graves of our ancestors.

Time and the Hour can make sacred even that which may have no element of individuality to commend it, and those old hymns are by no means lacking in sincerity, sublimity, and the promise of hope, — those elements which compose great hymns.

DOLORES BACON.

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HYMNS THAT EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW

HYMNS EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW

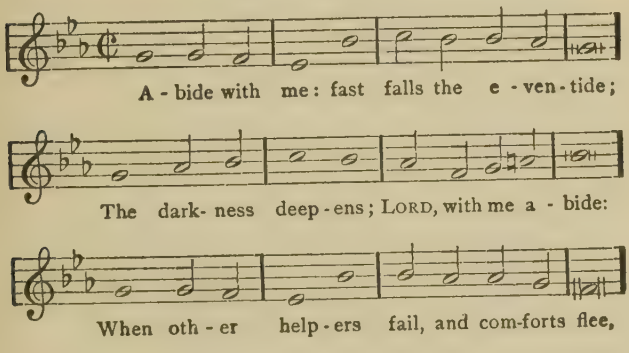
Abide with Me

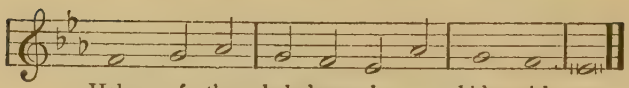
(Eventide)

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."

Henry Francis Lyte, an obscure Devonshire parson, wrote this hymn when he was fifty-four years old. He wrote the words after a sermon, one September Sunday, when he was very weak and ill, and he died soon after. His last words were, "Peace, joy!" This is one of the three hymns which are the favorites of tramps; the other two are of the same confiding, hopeful character. Tramps seem to have no affinity for "Hold the Fort" and other militant songs of the church.

Rev. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE (1817). W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.





Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy Presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, LORD, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O LORD, abide with me.

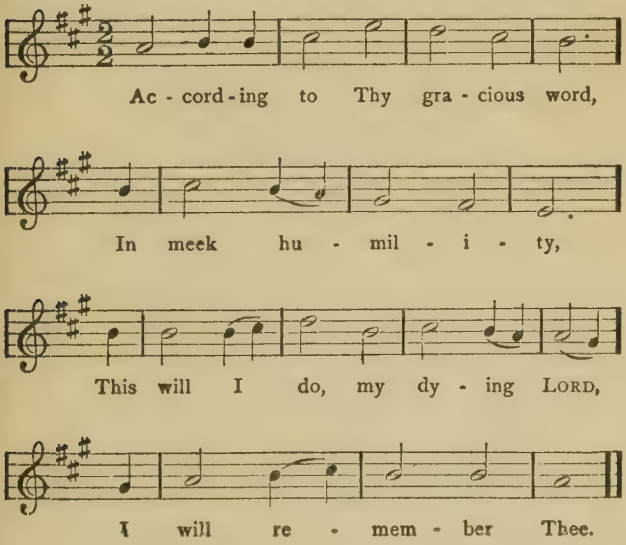
According to Thy Gracious Word

(Dedham)

"*Do this in remembrance of me.*"

This hymn was first named from the text from which it was taken, "Do this in remembrance of me." It is one of Montgomery's finest paraphrases on sacred lines. The author compiled a book of them which he called "Original Hymns," which are peculiarly comprehensive and applicable to their texts. Montgomery was called "the Cowper of the nineteenth century," but he hardly deserved the honor, although many of his verses are excellent for their purpose.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. W. GARDINER.



Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from Heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O LAMB of GOD, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee —

Remember Thee and all Thy pains
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy Kingdom come,
Then, LORD, remember me.

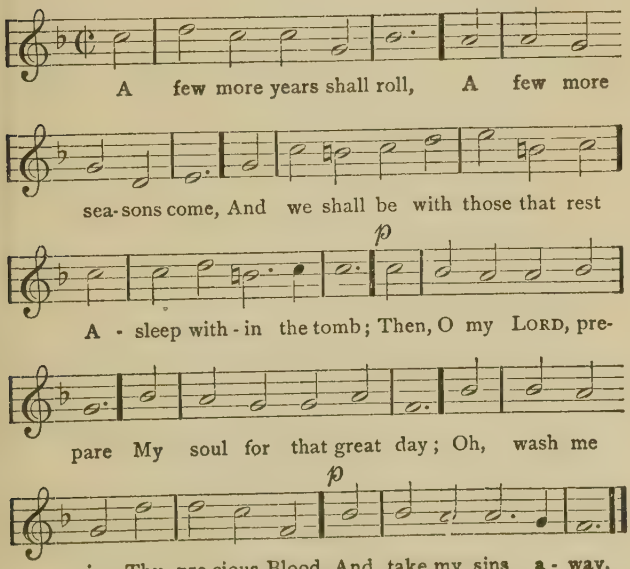
A Few More Years Shall Roll

(Chalvey)

" The time is short."

Dr. Bonar was born in Edinburgh, in 1808, and he was ever known as the gentlest of men. His hymns demonstrate this and sustain his reputation, also, for hopefulness. He confided to a friend that he had no record nor much remembrance of how or when his many hymn-verses had been written, but he believed he had done most of them in railway carriages. The original title of this one was, "A Pilgrim's Song," and it had six stanzas.

Dr. H. BONAR (1842). Rev. Dr. HAYNE.


A few more years shall roll, A few more
sea-sons come, And we shall be with those that rest
p
A - sleep with - in the tomb; Then, O my LORD, pre-
pare My soul for that great day; Oh, wash me
p
in Thy pre-cious Blood, And take my sins a - way.

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A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my LORD, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my LORD, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

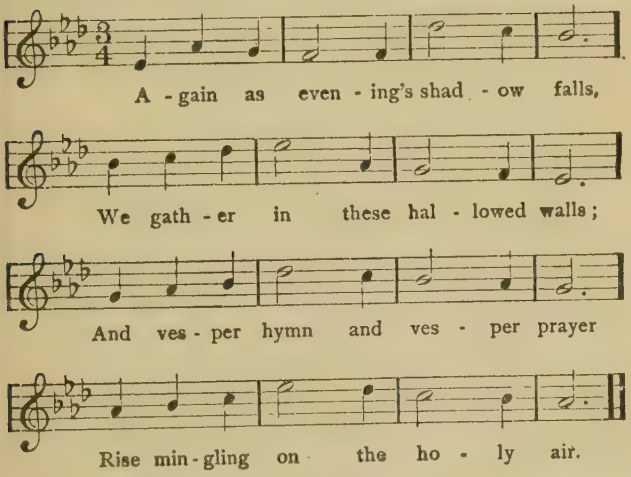
A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my LORD, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

'T is but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my LORD, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

Again as Evening's Shadow Falls

(Abends)

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW. HERBERT S. OAKELEY.


A - gain as even - ing's shad - ow falls,
We gath - er in these hal - lowed walls;
And ves - per hymn and ves - per prayer
Rise min - gling on the ho - ly air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of GOD's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

O GOD, our light! to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer forever dwell.

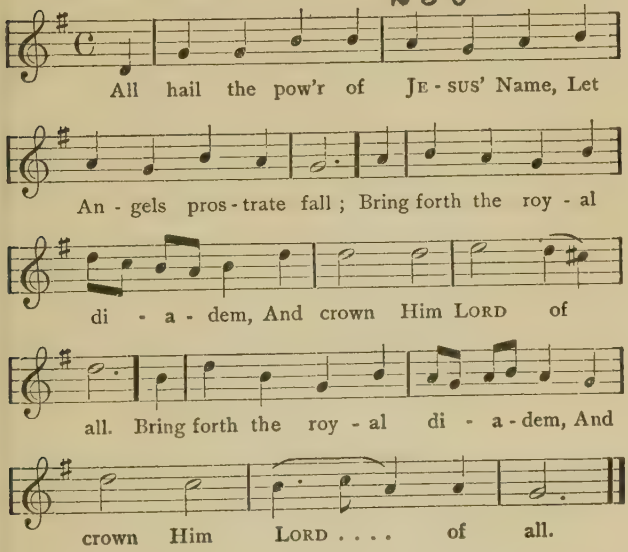
All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

(Coronation)

This hymn, which may be called extraordinary for several reasons, was published years after it was written. For five years afterwards it was known as Perronet's composition. There is a thrilling story attached to its history: an itinerant preacher known as "Billy Dawson," a farmer from Yorkshire, was preaching in London. He was uncouth and vulgar in his methods, but had a strange ability to arouse the emotional piety of his congregations. Upon this occasion he had drawn a vivid picture of Christ as King, the pageantry of His coronation, the splendor of the heavenly host, and at the end he suddenly began to sing "All hail the

power of Jesus' name;" the effect can hardly be imagined. In "Duffield's English Hymns" there will be found (p. 17) a very striking anecdote concerning Perronet, the author, and Charles Wesley.

E. PERRONET (1779). 250 O. HOLDEN.


All hail the pow'r of JE - SUS' Name, Let
An - gels pros - trate fall ; Bring forth the roy - al
di - a - dem, And crown Him LORD of
all. Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And
crown Him LORD . . . . of all.

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

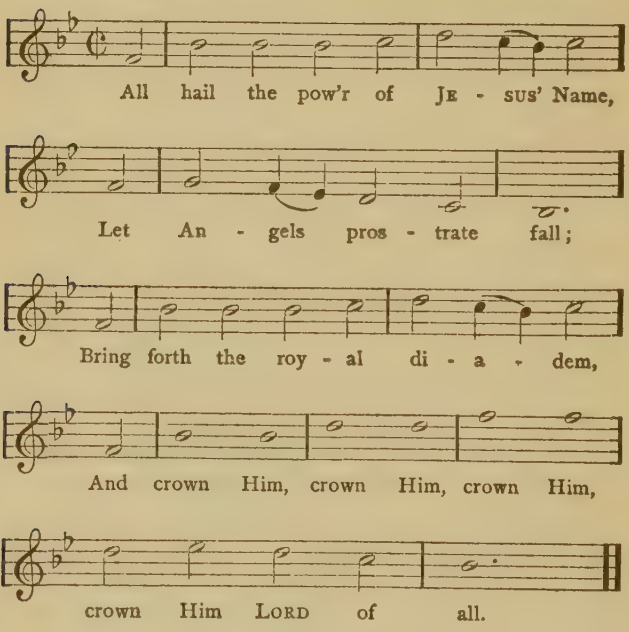
(Miles Lane)

"*King of Kings and Lord of Lords.*"

Shrubsole is said to have written this tune in the organ loft of the Cathedral of Canterbury, but it is also said that it was derived from some other source than his own brain. This is the tune to which Perronet's words are usually sung in the Methodist churches in England. Shrubsole died in Massachusetts in 1811. One authority has it that he died in

England and was buried there, — a statement which is pretty well refuted; as it is made by the same authority who casts doubt upon the origin of *Miles Lane*, we may perhaps as well give Shrubsole the credit. He certainly died in Massachusetts, and probably wrote this tune.

E. PERRONET (1779). SHRUBSOLE.


All hail the pow'r of JE - SUS' Name,
Let An - gels pros - trate fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
crown Him LORD of all.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him LORD of all.

Crown Him, ye Martyrs of your GOD,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem-of-Jesse's Rod,
And crown Him LORD of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransom'd of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him LORD of all.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David LORD did call,
The GOD Incarnate, Man Divine,
And crown Him LORD of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him LORD of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue
Before Him prostrate fall,
And shout in universal song
The crownèd LORD of all.

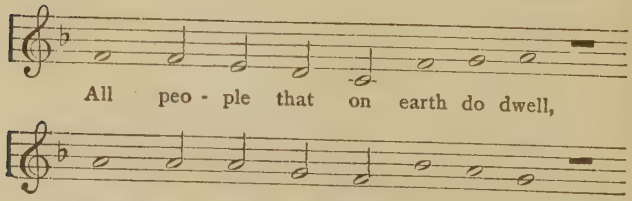
All People that on Earth

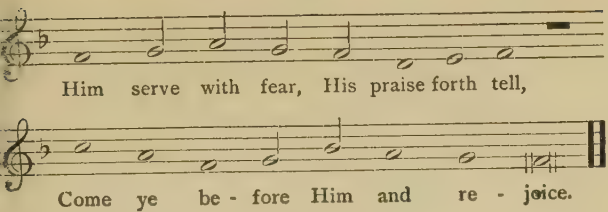
(Old Hundredth)

"*Be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands.*"

Händel declared that Martin Luther had written this hymn, but it cannot be true. That given below is the original musical version. The one usually sung is written with notes of equal length from beginning to end. This music first had the words of the 134th Psalm set to it, but later, when it was brought to England by the Puritans after their sojourn on the continent, it was reset to a metrical arrangement of Psalm C. At one time this was known as *Savoy*, because it was a favorite in a so called locality of London. The first version of which we have any knowledge was printed in a Huguenot psalter in Geneva in 1551. It contains forty-nine versions made by Marot. The author is supposed to have been William Kethe, in 1561, but the discrepancy in dates would void this supposition. It seems more likely that Sternhold wrote it, because out of a collection of twenty-five psalms added by Kethe to the old Psalter, all but one was signed "W. K.," — Kethe's initials, — while one, the *Old Hundredth*, bore those of Thomas Sternhold. A great number of authorities have since then accredited this hymn to Kethe on the strength of a preponderance of evidence afforded by its inclusion in many collections under his signature. The music used here, with its long and short notes, has far more character than the familiar version. With no divisions to mark the time it is an example of how vague and irregular these music scores once were. The original was written in the tenor clef.

UNKNOWN.





The LORD, ye know, is GOD indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the LORD our GOD is good;
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD whom Heav'n and earth adore,
From men and from the Angel-host,
Be praise and glory evermore.

Before Jehovah's Awful Throne

Words by WATTS (1719). Tune, *Old Hundredth.*

Before JEHOVAH'S awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the LORD is GOD, alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

His sov'reign power without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd
He brought us to His fold again.

We 'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the Heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

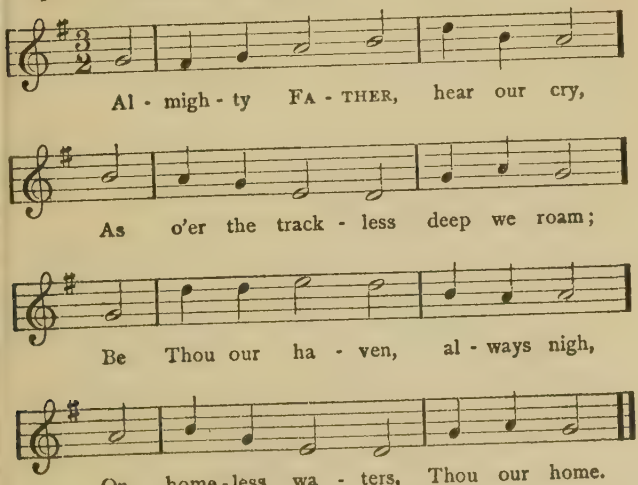
Almighty Father, Hear our Cry

(Rockingham. New)

"Thou shalt shew us wonderful things in Thy righteousness, O God of our salvation: Thou that art the hope of all the ends of the earth, and of them that remain in the broad sea," or *"Peace, be still!"*

The Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth was born in London in 1825, and he died the Bishop of Exeter in 1885. A book called "Congregational Church Music" first made us acquainted with the composer, Lowell Mason. Many tunes have been made of the original, but its origin is given with the "old version."

Bp. E. H. BICKERSTETH (1869). DR. LOWELL MASON.


Al - migh - ty FA - THER, hear our cry,
As o'er the track - less deep we roam;
Be Thou our ha - ven, al - ways nigh,
On home - less wa - ters, Thou our home.

O JESUS, SAVIOUR, at Whose Voice
The tempest sank to perfect rest,
Bid thou the fearful heart rejoice,
And cleanse and calm the troubled breast.

O HOLY GHOST, beneath Whose Power
The ocean woke to life and light,
Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Thy fostering warmth, Thy quickening might.

Great GOD of our salvation, Thee
We love, we worship, we adore;
Our Refuge on Time's changeful sea,
Our Joy on Heav'n's eternal shore.

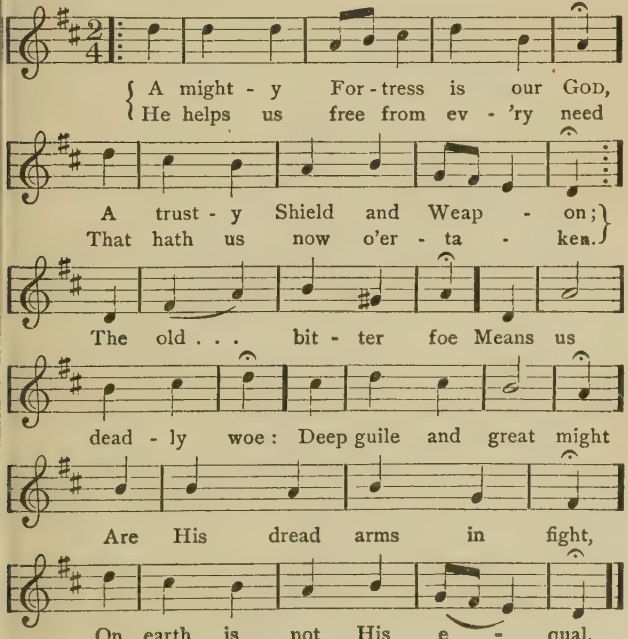
A Mighty Fortress is our God

(Ein' Feste Burg)

The best translation of this hymn of Luther's is Carlyle's. The one given below is not that, but it has been chosen for its peculiar lack of literary finish, which has seemed to preserve to it more of the original spirit than any other translation. Though crude, it is forceful and impressive. The tune name is *Worms* in many hymnals. The hymn has, perhaps, the most popular history of any one known. It became the war-song of Germany, being sung by soldiers as they went into battle and into camp, and also was sung in the streets as a street song. When Melanchthon and his friends were exiled after Luther's death they heard a little girl sing "Ein' Feste Burg" in the streets of Weimar. Melanchthon said, "Sing on, my child; thou little knowest how thy song cheers our hearts." In 1870, when the Franco-Prussian war was on, this great German hymn again aroused the German nation, and it became as popular in the streets as our concert-hall songs are here. The singing of this hymn was made

the ground for many imprisonments. One group of men arrested for singing it finally escaped and went to England, where they fell in with the great Wesley, and their influence upon him served to bring about the extraordinary Methodist revival. Mendelssohn used this melody in his *Reformation* symphony; Meyerbeer introduced it into *Les Huguenots;* but Wagner made the most of it in the *Kaisermarsch*, which he composed in celebration of the triumphant return to Berlin of the soldiers, after the war with France. Luther is said to have composed the music from a suggestion furnished by the song of a "wayfaring" man. It was published first in 1535, but it was not called "Luther's Hymn" till the Rev. Wm. Collyer set words to it. The last time of importance that the hymn was sung was in 1899, at Manchester, England, by Miss Esther Palliser.

LUTHER.


A might - y For - tress is our GOD,
He helps us free from ev - 'ry need
A trust - y Shield and Weap - on;
That hath us now o'er - ta - ken.
The old . . . bit - ter foe Means us
dead - ly woe: Deep guile and great might
Are His dread arms in fight,
On earth is not His e - qual.

With might of ours can naught be done,
Soon were our loss effected;
But for us fights the Valiant One
Whom GOD Himself elected.
Ask ye, Who is this?
JESUS CHRIST it is,
Of Sabaoth LORD,
And there 's none other GOD,
He holds the field forever.

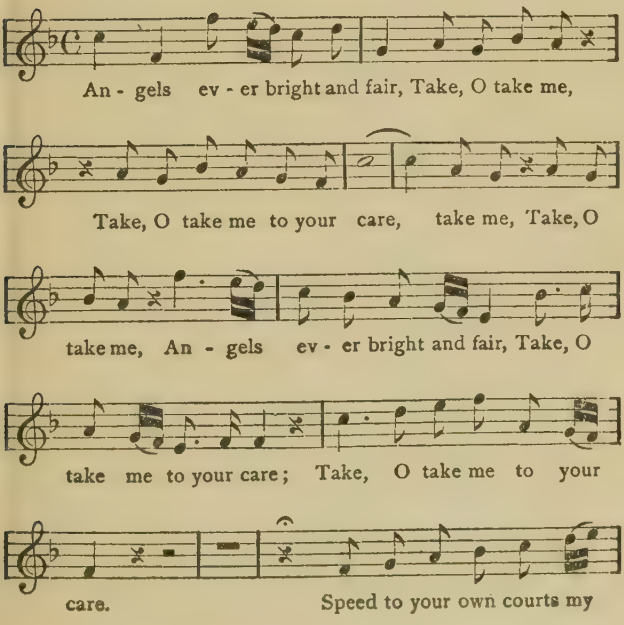
ho' devils all the world should fill,
All watching to devour us,
We tremble not, we fear no ill,
They cannot overpower us.
This world's prince may still
Scowl fierce as he will,
He can harm us none,
He 's judged, the deed is done,
One little word o'erthrows him.

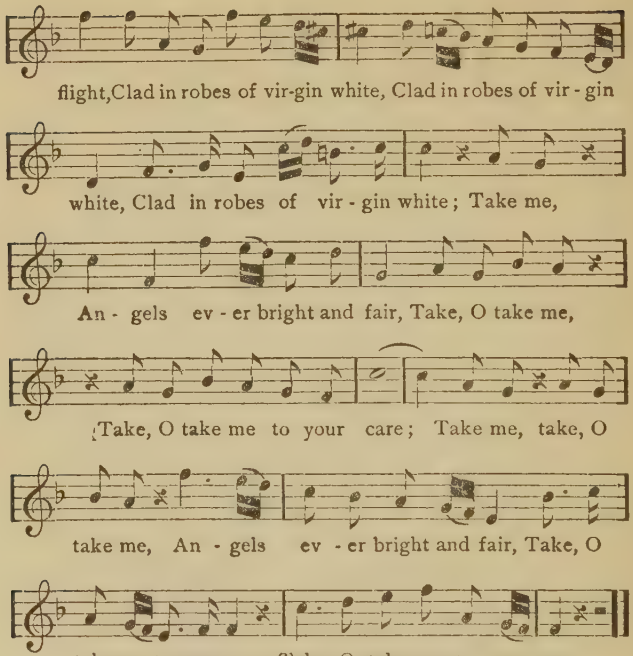
The Word they still shall let remain,
And not a thank have for it,
He 's by our side upon the plain,
With His good gifts and Spirit.

Take they then our life,
Goods, fame, child, and wife;
When their worst is done
They yet have nothing won,
The Kingdom ours remaineth.

Angels ever Bright and Fair

HÄNDEL.


An - gels ev - er bright and fair, Take, O take me,
Take, O take me to your care, take me, Take, O
take me, An - gels ev - er bright and fair, Take, O
take me to your care; Take, O take me to your
care. Speed to your own courts my


flight, Clad in robes of vir-gin white, Clad in robes of vir - gin
white, Clad in robes of vir - gin white; Take me,
An - gels ev - er bright and fair, Take, O take me,
Take, O take me to your care; Take me, take, O
take me, An - gels ev - er bright and fair, Take, O
take me to your care, Take, O take me to your care.

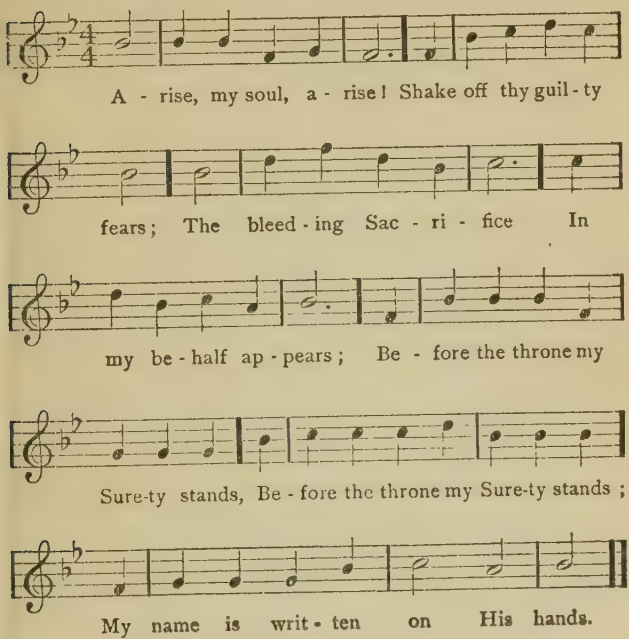
Arise, my Soul, Arise

(Lenox)

This hymn has extensive anecdotal history, but the most picturesque story recorded is that of its connection with a Patagonian missionary expedition which ended disastrously for all concerned. The company was wiped out by violence and disease, and the captain of the ship upon which the company had embarked wrote in his diary, Sept. 6, 1851: "I neither hunger nor thirst, though five days without food! Marvellous loving kindness to me, a sinner!" This Captain Gardiner and John

Babcock were almost the only ones left of the expedition. Babcock died first, and he asked the survivors to sing this hymn. That expedition was the direct means of establishing the first Terre del Fuegan mission.

CHAS. WESLEY (1742). LEWIS EDSON (1782).


A - rise, my soul, a - rise! Shake off thy guil - ty
fears; The bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In
my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the throne my
Sure-ty stands, Be - fore the throne my Sure-ty stands;
My name is writ - ten on His hands.

He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all redeeming love,
His precious Blood to plead;

His Blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the Throne of Grace.

My GOD is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "FATHER, ABBA, FATHER!" cry.

Extol the LAMB of GOD,
The all-atoning LAMB;
Redemption in His Blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee has come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

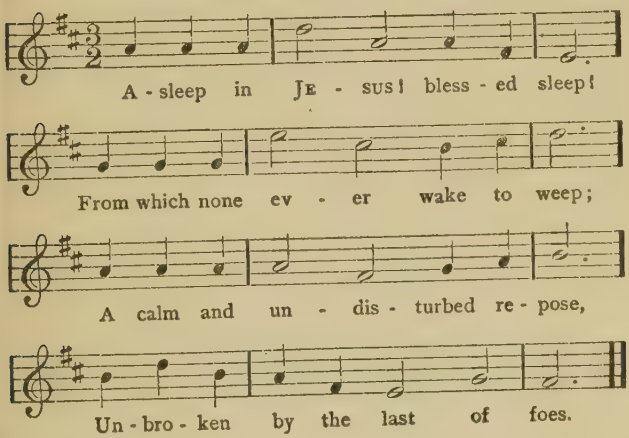
The gospel trumpet hear
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your SAVIOUR'S face;
The year of jubilee has come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Asleep in Jesus

(Rest)

The inspiration of the words for this hymn was found in the inscription on a tombstone, "Sleeping in Jesus," at Pennycross, Devonshire. Since the making of the hymn, the inscription has become a favorite one. Bradbury has written another hymn, "Return, O Wanderer, Return," which has such a general similarity to this one that these words are frequently sung to the other tune. The musical style is not only similar, but the melodies suggest each other.

MARGARET MACKAY (1832). W. B. BRADBURY.


A - sleep in JE - SUS! bless - ed sleep!
From which none ev - er wake to weep;
A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose,
Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.

Asleep in JESUS! Oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting!

Asleep in JESUS! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear — no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the SAVIOUR'S power.

Asleep in JESUS! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

As Pants the Hart for Cooling Streams

(Cherith)

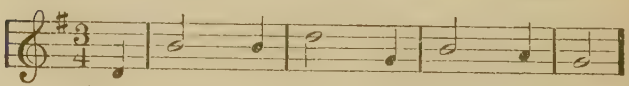
"*Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after Thee, O God.*"

A paraphrase of this is given in Sternhold and Hopkins, and the first verse is as follows:

"Like as the hart doth pant and bray."

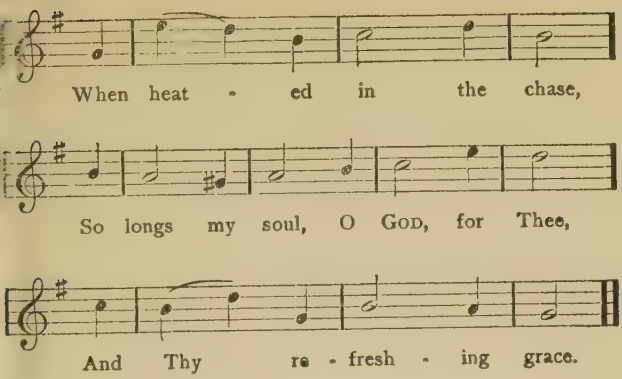
This was printed in 1666. The original tune to which the words were set was *St. Anne's*.

Rev. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. SPOHR.



As pants* the hart for cool - ing streams,

* In Hebrew the word "panteth" implies a cry peculiar to the deer when it is thirsty. The word is used but twice in the Bible. "Panteth" literally "Brayeth."



For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him Who is the God,
Thy health's eternal Spring.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

As Pants the Wearied Hart for Cooling Springs

(Berlin)

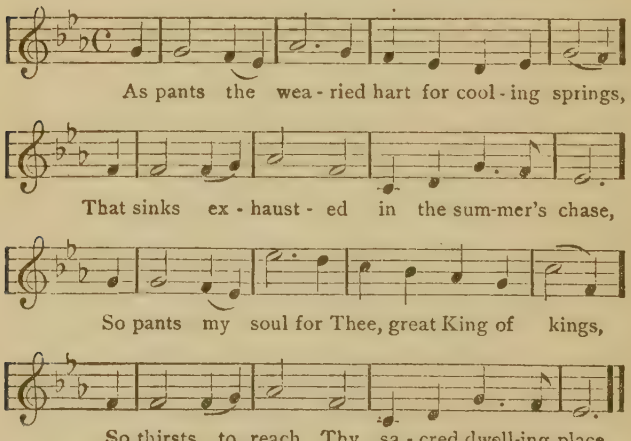
"*As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God.*"

This setting of the words of Bishop Lowth is used because it is one of the few exceptions where the music by a great composer fits a congregational hymn. Mendelssohn, when asked by a compiler of hymns to write a tune suitable for certain words, and who added that it must be in long metre, sent the following reply:

"I was sorry I could not write exactly what you desired me to do, but I do not know what a 'long-metre psalm-tune' means, and there is nobody . . . to whom I could apply for an explanation. Excuse me, therefore, if you receive something else than what you wished."

This was doubtless the chief reason why so few of the great German composers wrote much for hymn-books.

Bp. LOWTH. MENDELSSOHN.

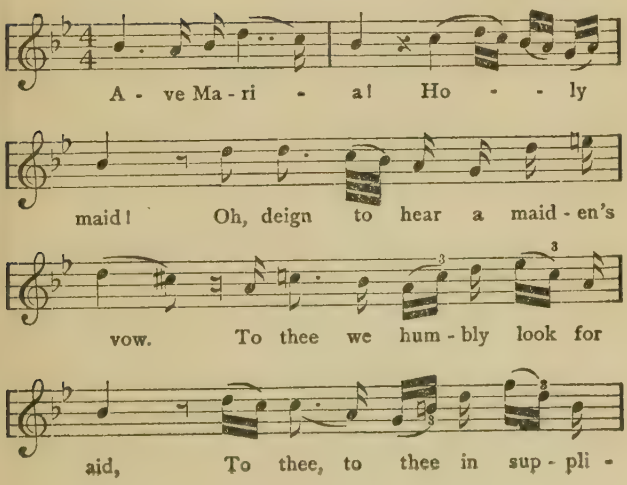

As pants the wea - ried hart for cool - ing springs,
That sinks ex - haust - ed in the sum-mer's chase,
So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings,
So thirsts to reach Thy sa - cred dwell-ing place.

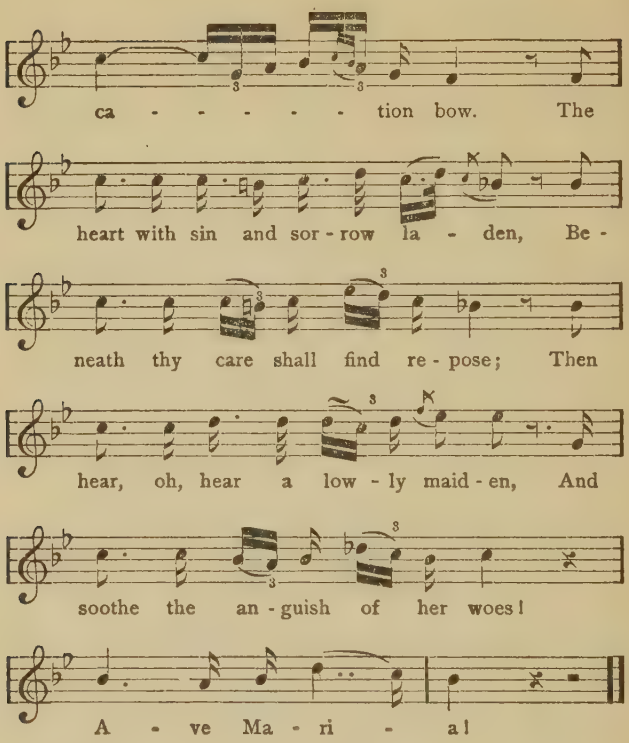
LORD, Thy sure mercies ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To Thee, my GOD, I 'll tune the grateful lay.

Why faint, my soul? why doubt JEHOVAH'S aid?
Thy GOD the GOD of mercy still shall prove;
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid:
Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.

Ave Maria

SCHUBERT.




ca - - - - - - tion bow. The
heart with sin and sor - row la - den, Be -
neath thy care shall find re - pose; Then
hear, oh, hear a low - ly maid - en, And
soothe the an - guish of her woes!
A - ve Ma - ri - a!

Ave Maria, mother dear!
The heath on which we now lie sleeping,
A down bed seems, if thou art near,
To guard us in thy holy keeping.
When thy soft smile creation cheereth,

To rest is lulled the stormy gale;
The moon more silvery white appeareth;
The dew shines brighter o'er the vale.
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! hear our prayer!
If still by thy protection blest
No spirits of earth or air
Shall dare, shall dare to break our peaceful rest.
Thy child, with care and sorrow laden,
In lowly supplication bows;
Be near, we pray thee, Holy Maiden,
O Virgin Mother, hear our vows!
Ave Maria.

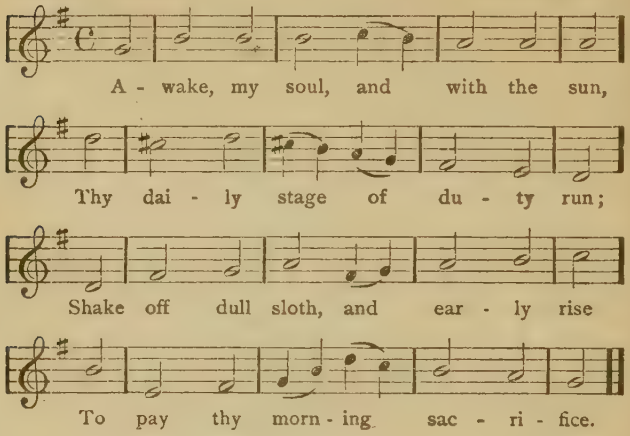
Awake, my Soul, and with the Sun

(Morning).

"I myself will awake right early."

The "Thumb Bible" was a little Bible, or a part of one, which Jeremy Taylor made for the son of Princess Anne. The child died in 1700. In that volume were included the two famous hymns of Bishop Ken: *Morning* and *Evening*. The Bishop wrote these for the occasions indicated by their titles, and sung them to his own accompaniment on the lute. He was with Charles II. when he died, and under James II. was imprisoned in the Tower of London. He requested when he died to be buried "under the east window of the chancel, just at sunrise," in Frome. This was done, and his morning hymn was sung as he was placed in the grave.

Bishop KEN (1695). F. H. BARTHOLEMON.



Redeem thy misspent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great Day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear;
Think how all-seeing GOD thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

Praise GOD from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye Heav'nly Host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Awake, my Soul, Stretch Every Nerve

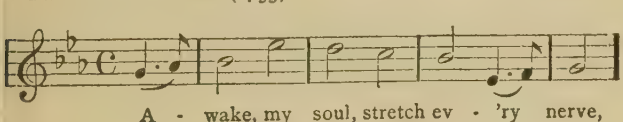
(Christmas)

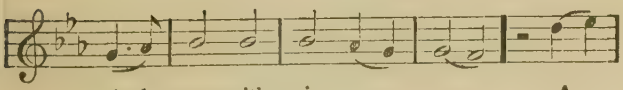
Händel, in writing this music, made an exception to the rule that hymn-tunes were not generally written by great composers. Händel and the Wesleys were contemporaneous, and each was famous in his own way. Charles Wesley frequented the house of Rich, the proprietor of Covent Garden, where Händel's oratorios were being given, and Händel also frequented Rich's house. In all probability it was thus that the two famous men met. In a letter dated Sept. 14, 1826, Samuel Wesley, son of the hymn-writer, said to his wife:

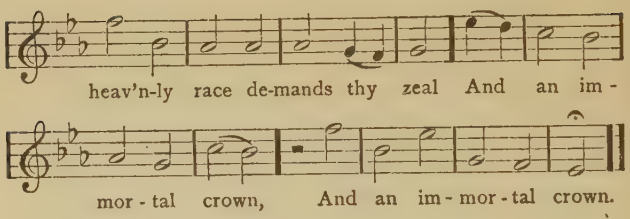
"I have already found six fine hymn-tunes of Händel's own manufacture, and what is uncommonly fortunate, they are all set to my father's own words, so that my dear father's poetry must highly have delighted Händel."

There could not have been six, because Händel wrote only three, so far as we know.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE (1755). HÄNDEL.







A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'T is GOD'S all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is His own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal
And an immortal crown.

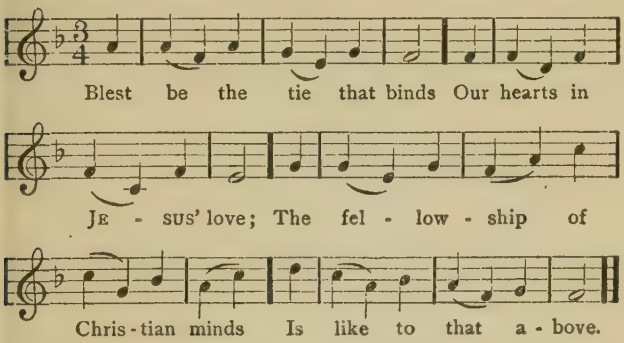
Blest be the Tie that Binds

(Dennis)

Perhaps the occasion for writing this hymn was less elegant than that of many others, but it is more touching than most. Dr. Fawcett was moving from the house in which he had long lived, to go to London, where a better living had been offered him. While his books and furniture were standing packed upon the wagons his wife began to weep.

She said: "Oh, John, I cannot bear this." "Neither can I," said John, "and we will not go." So that ended his fine London living. He went back into his old house, sat down and wrote this hymn — at least that is what he is said to have done. It is more likely that he had his furniture unloaded first and set to rights, and was more or less recovered from the excitement of the moment before he began to write.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT (1772). HANS GEORG NAGELI.



Before our FATHER'S throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we at death must part,
Not like the world 's our pain;

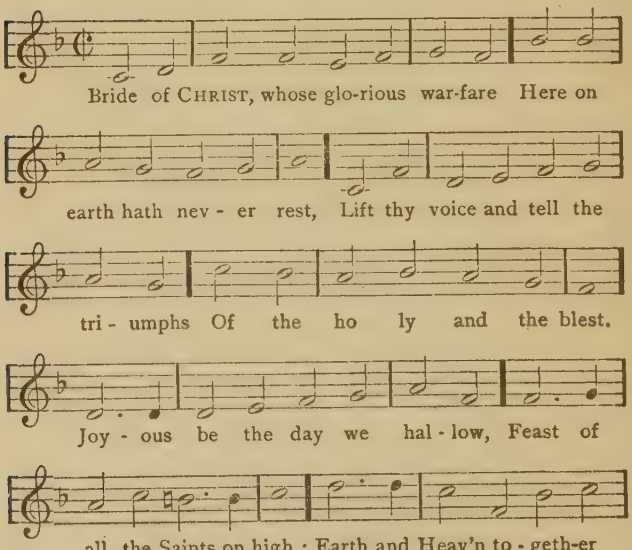
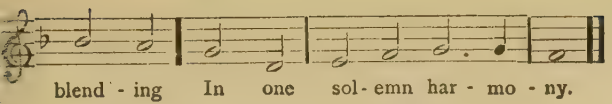
But one in CHRIST, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.

Bride of Christ, whose Glorious Warfare

(Bride of Christ)

"*The marriage of the Lamb is come.*"


Bride of CHRIST, whose glo-rious war-fare Here on
earth hath nev - er rest, Lift thy voice and tell the
tri - umphs Of the ho ly and the blest.
Joy - ous be the day we hal - low, Feast of
all the Saints on high ; Earth and Heav'n to - geth-er

First the blessèd Virgin-mother,
  Reunited to her SON,
Leads the host of ransom'd people,
  Who unfading crowns have won;
John the herald, CHRIST'S fore-runner,
  More than Prophet, heads his throng,
Seer and Patriarch responsive
  Unto Psalmist in their song.

Lo, the Twelve majestic Princes,
  In the court of JESUS sit,
Calmly watching, while the conflict
  Rages far beneath their feet:
Lo, the Martyrs, robed in crimson,
  Sign of life-blood freely spent,
Finding life, because they lost it,
  Dwell in undisturb'd content.

All the saintly host who witness'd
  Good confessions for His sake —
Priest and Deacon, world-renouncing,
  Of their Master's joy partake;

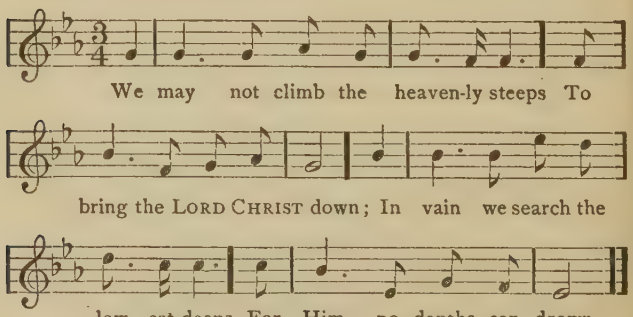
Virgins to the LAMB devoted,
Following with steadfast love,
Bring their lilies and their roses
To the Marriage Feast above.

All, their happy lot fulfilling,
GOD Omnipotent proclaim;
Holy, Holy, Holy, crying,
Glory to His holy name!
So may GOD in mercy grant us
Here to serve in holiness,
Till He call us to the portion
Which His Saints in light possess.

But Warm, Sweet, Tender, even yet

(Serenity)

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. WM. V. WALLACE.


We may not climb the heaven-ly steeps To
bring the LORD CHRIST down; In vain we search the
low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

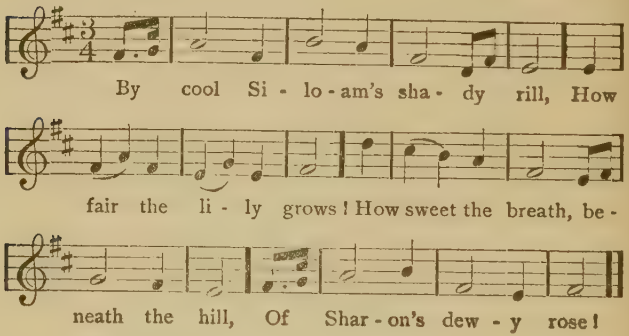
O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill

One of our early wars occasioned the birth of this hymn. Its author, Bishop Heber, was to the Church of England what Watts was to the nonconformist bodies. Such hymns as "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," could find no acceptance with him; they were too materialistic. In the preface to his hymn-book he says, "No fulsome or indecorous language has been knowingly adopted, no erotic address to Him whom no unclean lips can approach, no allegory, ill-understood and worse applied." His hymns were, one and all, written up to this standard. In the Methodist church

he found Wesley to be of his own way of thinking, in regard to such hymns as "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." Wesley would not include it in his collection without protest.

Bp. R. HEBER (1812). I. B. WOODBURY.



Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to GOD.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wint'ry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy FATHER'S shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtues crowned,
Were all alike divine!

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

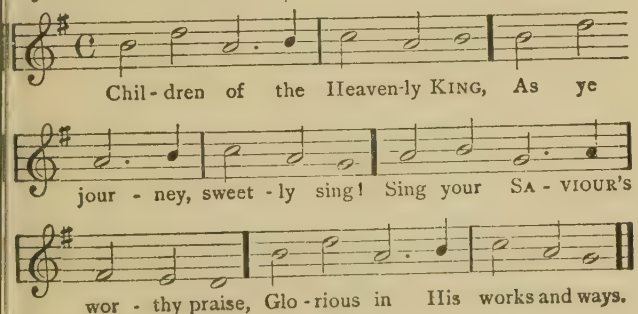
Children of the Heavenly King

(Pleyel)

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs."

Mr. Cennick was known as the man who earned for the Methodists of this generation the name of "swaddlers." A priest heard him speak of a child in "swaddling clothes," and forthwith gave to his denomination the name which stuck for some time, especially in Ireland. Cennick died before he was forty, having been a disciple of both Wesley and Whitefield.

JOHN CENNICK (1743). PLEYEL.


Chil - dren of the Heaven-ly KING, As ye
jour - ney, sweet - ly sing! Sing your SA - VIOUR'S
wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in His works and ways.

We are travelling home to GOD
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our LORD we soon shall see.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
JESUS CHRIST, your FATHER'S SON,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

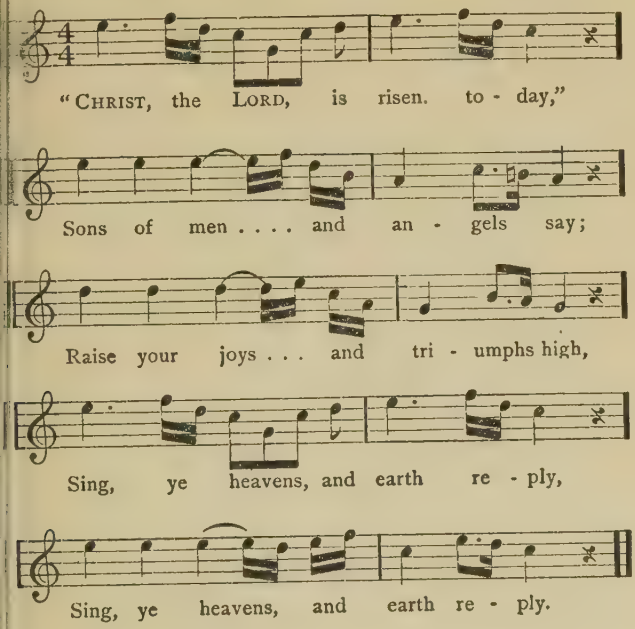
Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

Christ, the Lord, is Risen To-Day

(Mozart)

Wesley undoubtedly got his suggestion for this hymn from one by Michael Weisse, written in 1531, for the first hymn-book of the Bohemian Brethren. It was then an Easter hymn, and it is possible that Weisse translated it from the Latin. Charles Wesley wrote 1609 hymns on the Old Testament, and 3491 on the New.

CHAS. WESLEY (1839). MOZART.


"CHRIST, the LORD, is risen. to - day,"
Sons of men . . . . and an - gels say;
Raise your joys . . . and tri - umphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth re - ply,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth re - ply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo, the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo, he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
CHRIST hath burst the gates of hell!

Death in vain forbids His rise;
CHRIST hath opened Paradise!

Lives again our glorious KING;
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once He died our souls to save;
"Where thy victory, boasting grave?"

Hail, the LORD of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail! the RESURRECTION, THOU!

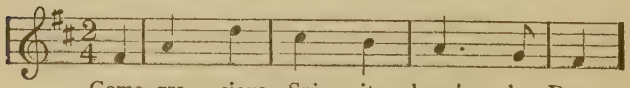
Come, Gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove

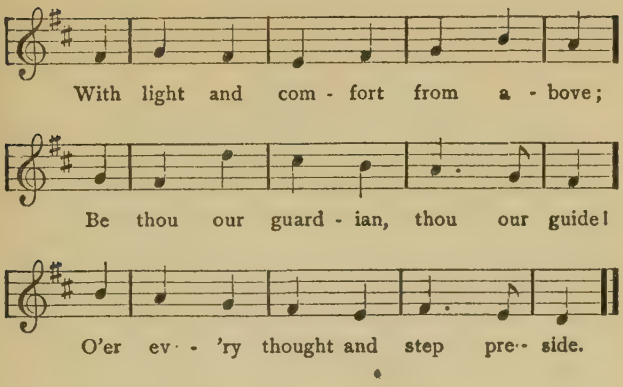
(Gratia)

"*As many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God.*"

The author of this hymn was a very brilliant man who did his finest work after he became insane. His insanity consisted in his belief that he *could not think*. Dr. Allibone has said of him, "If he was crazy, he was at least equal to more than two infidels." His extraordinary malady attacked him after he had killed a highwayman who had set upon him and his friend. Dr. Browne had meant only to disarm the man, but his grip was so herculean that before he was aware the robber was choked to death.

Dr. S. BROWNE (1720). Sir JOSEPH BARNBY.





The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from GOD may ne'er depart.

Lead us to CHRIST, the living Way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with GOD.

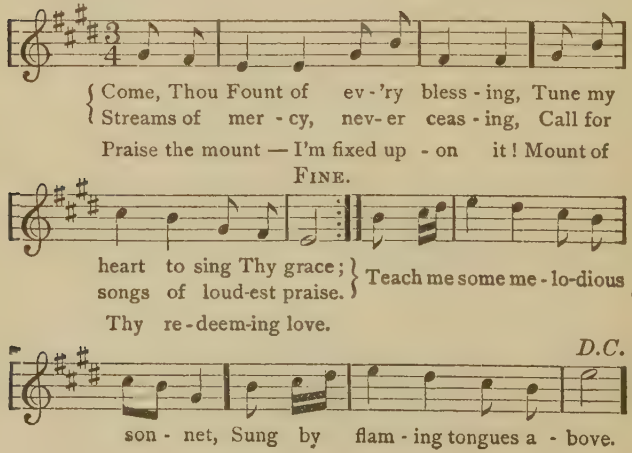
Lead us to Heav'n, that we may share
Fulness of joy forever there;
Lead us to GOD, our final rest,
To be with Him forever blest.

Come, Thou Fount of every Blessing

(Nettleton)

The author of this hymn was sent to London by his mother to become a barber and a hair-dresser, but instead he became a preacher and a hymn-writer. In the latter part of his life, when he had gained a reputation for frivolity and had occasioned his sedate friends some concern, he was riding in a stage-coach. A woman opposite him who had been reading this hymn insisted upon having his opinion of it, not knowing that he was its author. He avoided the matter as best he could, but finally, when she insisted and expressed much admiration for the hymn, he cried, "Madame, I am the poor, unhappy man who composed that hymn many years ago, and I would give a thousand worlds, if I had them, to enjoy the feelings I had then." There is something exceedingly interesting in the construction of this hymn, literary and otherwise. A marked difference from others is very evident. It illustrates the very practical though emotional character of the Methodist revivals. There is no more grandeur of movement in the music than in the verse. It is the merest doggerel, but at the same time its sincerity commands respect. The music is cheaply rhythmic, but it inspires emotion, and it is highly characteristic of the period.

R. Robinson (1758). John Wyeth (1824)


Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for
Praise the mount — I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of
Fine.
heart to sing Thy grace;
songs of loud-est praise.
Teach me some me-lo-dious
Thy re-deem-ing love.
D.C.
son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove.

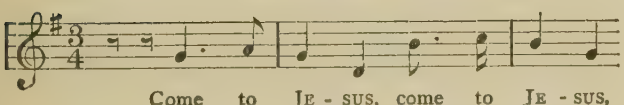
Here I 'll raise my Eben-ezer; *
Hither by Thy help I 'm come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
JESUS sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of GOD;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious Blood.

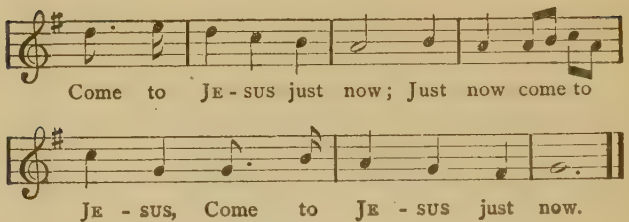
Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I 'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it;
Prone to leave the GOD I love;
Here 's my heart; oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

* Eben-ezer means "stone of help," and this was the name given by Samuel to a stone which stood as a monument to GOD's help to Israel. A reference will be found in 1 Samuel, vii., 12.

Come to Jesus

(Revival Hymn)





He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you just now;
Just now He will save you,
He will save you just now.

Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him just now;
Just now only trust Him,
Only trust Him just now.

Oh, believe Him, Oh, believe Him,
Oh, believe Him just now;
Just now, Oh, believe Him,
Oh, believe Him just now.

He is willing, He is willing,
He is willing just now;
Just now He is willing,
He is willing just now.

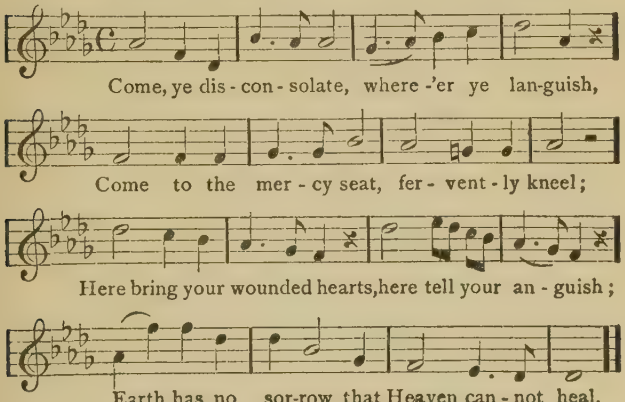
Come, ye Disconsolate

(Consolator)

"*Come unto me and I will give you rest.*"

It is surprising to many that Thomas Moore should have written a hymn, but as a matter of fact, that joyous Irishman wrote thirty-two; possibly an overflow of genius rather than of piety.

THOMAS MOORE (1816). S. WEBBE.


Come, ye dis - con - solate, where -'er ye lan-guish,
Come to the mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish;
Earth has no sor-row that Heaven can - not heal.

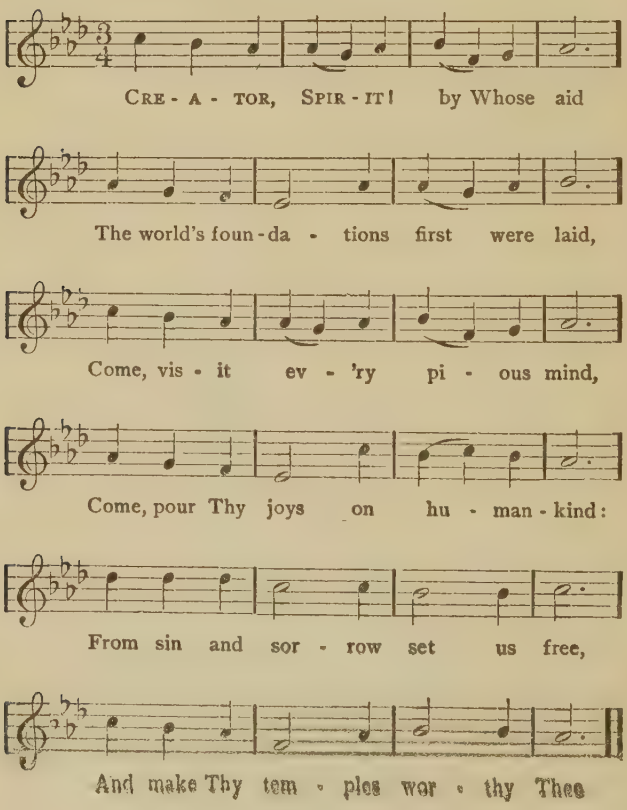
Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

Here see the Bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of GOD, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

Creator, Spirit! by Whose Aid

(St Catherine)

RABANUS MAURUS. Tr. by JOHN DRYDEN. Adapted by J. G. WALTON.


CRE - A - TOR, SPIR - IT! by Whose aid
The world's foun - da - tions first were laid,
Come, vis - it ev - 'ry pi - ous mind,
Come, pour Thy joys on hu - man - kind:
From sin and sor - row set us free,
And make Thy tem - ples wor - thy Thee

O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

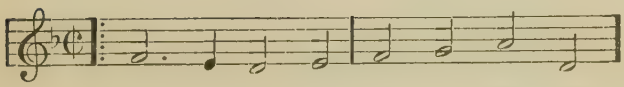
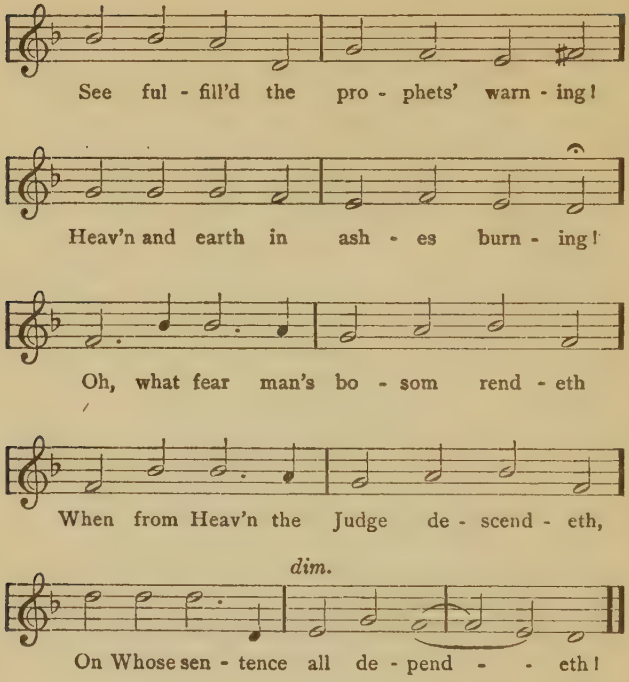
Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou Strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command,
Refine and purge our earthly parts,
But Oh! inflame and fire our hearts!

Day of Wrath! O Day of Mourning!

(Dies Irae)

"*He cometh to judge the earth.*"

Ancient Plain Song.



See ful - fill'd the pro - phets' warn - ing!
Heav'n and earth in ash - es burn - ing!
Oh, what fear man's bo - som rend - eth
When from Heav'n the Judge de - scend - eth,
dim.
On Whose sen - tence all de - pend - - eth!

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the Throne it bringeth.
Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

Lo! the Book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.
When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?
King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

Think, good JESU, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation.
Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.

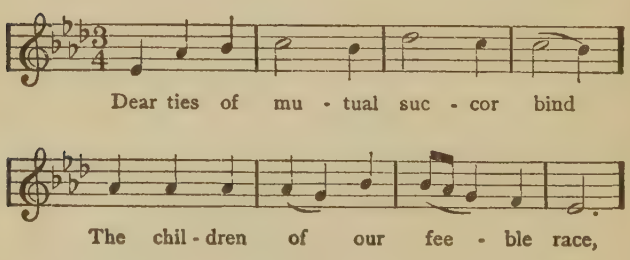
Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.

Thou the sinful woman savedst;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.
Worthless are my prayers and sighing;
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.

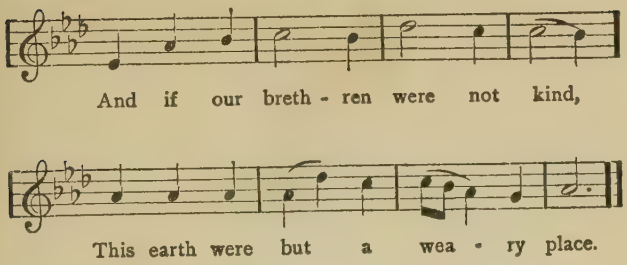
Dear Ties of Mutual Succor Bind*

(Bartholdy)

WILLIAM C. BRYANT. FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.



* By permission of D. Appleton & Co.



We lean on others as we walk
  Life's twilight path, with pitfalls strewn;
And 't were an idle boast to talk
  Of treading that dim path alone.

Amid the snares misfortune lays
  Unseen beneath the steps of all,
Blest is the love that seeks to raise,
  And stay and strengthen those who fall;

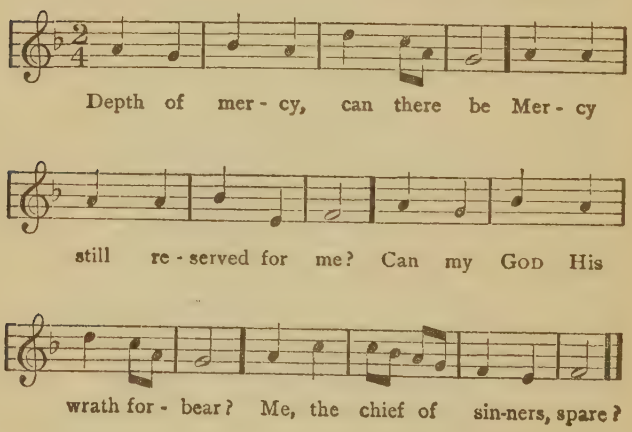
Till, taught by Him who for our sake
  Bore every form of life's distress,
With every passing year we make
  The sum of human sorrow less.

Depth of Mercy, can there be

(Seymour)

While "Hymns Ancient and Modern," was being compiled, the publishers advertised for suggestions, and the tune most desired by those who responded to that advertisement was this air of Von Weber's which is made from the opening chorus of *Oberon* It is generally known as *Weber.*

CHAS. WESLEY. VON WEBER (from *Oberon*).



I have long withstood His grace;
Long provoked Him to His face:
Would not harken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

There for me the SAVIOUR stands;
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands!
GOD is love! I know, I feel:
JESUS weeps and loves me still.

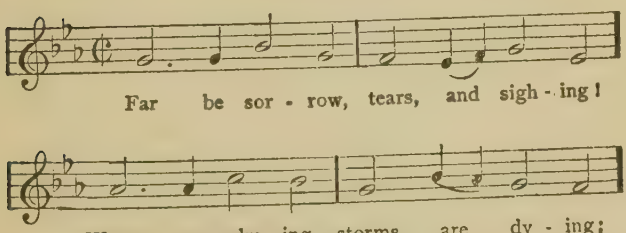
Far be Sorrow, Tears, and Sighing

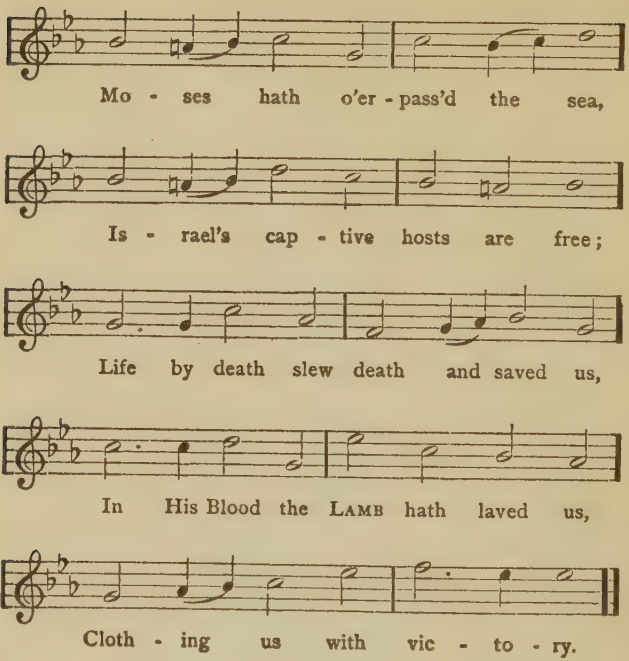
(Victory)

"*Thanks be to God Who giveth us the victory.*"

This tune is taken from the setting of the "Magnificat" of Palestrina, a composer called after the place of his birth. He was one of the greatest composers of Catholic Church music the world has ever seen. The first appearance of *Victory* with English words, was in 1852, although it was written in the sixteenth century. "Palestrina" was born in 1526.

GIOVANNI PERLUIGI (*Palestrina*).




Mo - ses hath o'er - pass'd the sea,
Is - rael's cap - tive hosts are free;
Life by death slew death and saved us,
In His Blood the LAMB hath laved us,
Cloth - ing us with vic - to - ry.

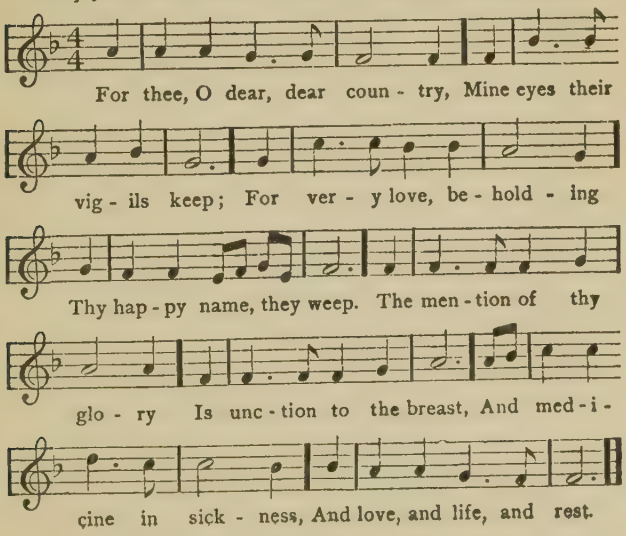
JESUS CHRIST from death hath risen,
Lo! His Godhead bursts the prison
While His Manhood passes free,
Vanquishing our misery.
Rise we free from condemnation;
Through our GOD's humiliation,
Ours is now the victory.

Vain the foe's despair and madness!
See the dayspring of our gladness!
Slaves no more of Satan, we;
Children by the Son set free;
Rise, for Life with Death hath striven,
All the snares of hell are riven,
Rise and claim the victory.

For Thee, O Dear, Dear Country

(Rutherford)

BERNARD of Cluny, 12th century. CRÉTIEN D'URHAN.
Tr. by JOHN M. NEALE. Arr. by EDWARD F. RIMBAULT.


For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their
vig - ils keep; For ver - y love, be - hold - ing
Thy hap - py name, they weep. The men - tion of thy
glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast, And med - i -
cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright day:
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away:
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown:
But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day:
There GOD, our KING and portion,
In fulness of his grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face.

O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of GOD'S elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
JESUS, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with GOD the FATHER,
And SPIRIT, ever blest.

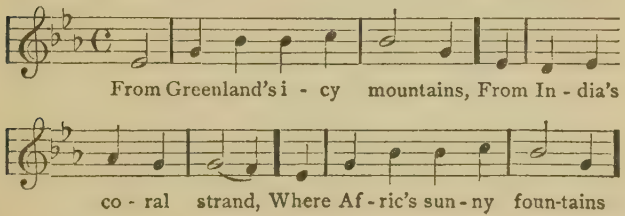
From Greenland's Icy Mountains

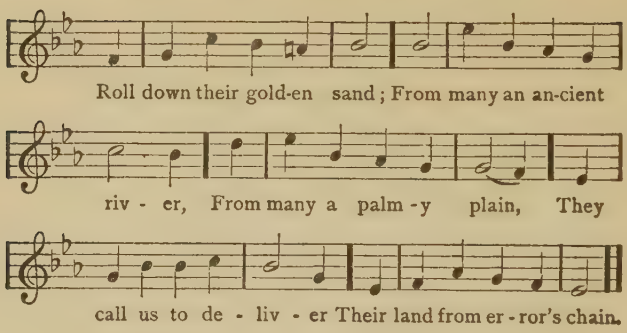
(Missionary Hymn)

"*Come over — and help us.*"

Heber did for the Church of England what Watts and Wesley had done in the way of hymn-writing for their respective sects. This missionary hymn was almost an impromptu work, since Heber was asked on a Saturday to write something suitable for the next day, and before Sunday had dawned he had written the following. He was unable to complete it at the time for lack of inspiration, and the line "Waft, waft, ye winds, the story" was written almost immediately after the hymn was first sung. He made only a single change in it afterwards, and that was the substitution of the word "heathen" for "savages." The hymn was put in type on the Saturday night that it was written. Heber was the tenderest of men, and ever accepted his calamities as blessings.

Bp. R. HEBER (1819). Dr. LOWELL MASON.




Roll down their gold-en sand; From many an an-cient
riv - er, From many a palm - y plain, They
call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of GOD are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! Oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned MESSIAH'S name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The LAMB for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

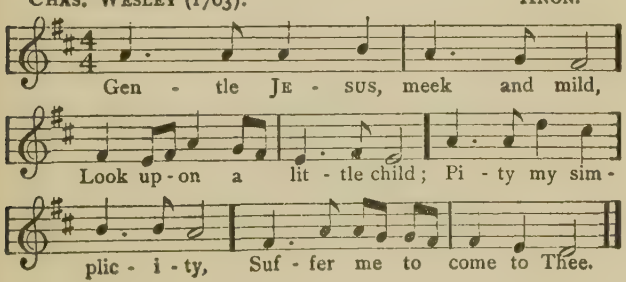
Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild

Charles Wesley jotted down most of his hymns by a system of shorthand taught him by his friend Byrom — the writer of the following famous lines:

"God bless the King — I mean the Faith's defender;
God bless — no harm in blessing — the Pretender;
But who the Pretender is, or who the King —
God bless us all — that 's quite another thing!"

This brilliantly equivocal piece of rhyming at a time when the English nation was up in arms over their internal troubles, became so famous that Wesley's friend seems to have been diverted from hymn-writing. Wesley's hymn-writing did not really begin till after his marriage, at which time he was forty or more. These tender verses were for the most part inspired by his domestic happiness.

CHAS. WESLEY (1763). ANON.



Hold me fast in Thine embrace;
Let me see Thy smiling face;
Give me, LORD, Thy blessing give,
Pray for me and I shall live.

LAMB of GOD, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

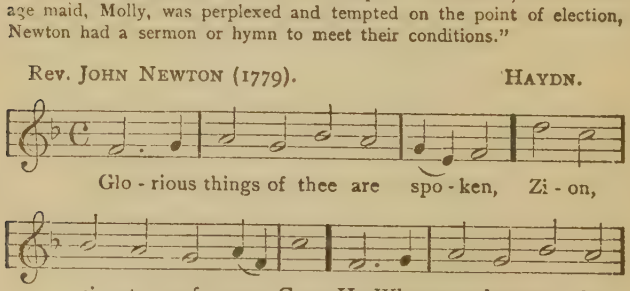
Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken

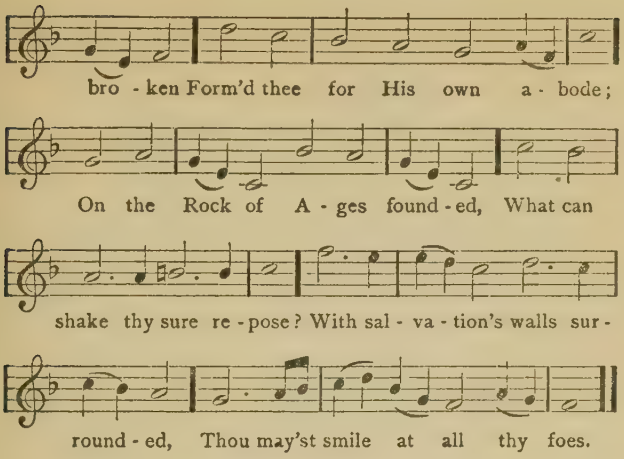
(Austria)

"*Glorious things are spoken of thee, O thou city of God.*"

Almost every hymn that this author wrote was inspired by the occasion. Most of his verse is of a pastoral order, gentle and soothing, written to meet the direct needs of his people. Indeed, many of the hymns were written for some special person in his congregation. Cowper, the poet, was a member, and we read: "If 'Sir Cowper' had a bad fit, or the vicarage maid, Molly, was perplexed and tempted on the point of election, Newton had a sermon or hymn to meet their conditions."

Rev. JOHN NEWTON (1779). HAYDN.




bro - ken Form'd thee for His own a - bode;
On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can
shake thy sure re - pose? With sal - va - tion's walls sur -
round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,
  Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
  And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
  Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Grace, which like the LORD, the Giver,
  Never fails from age to age?

Round each habitation hov'ring,
  See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a cov'ring —
  Showing that the LORD is near.

Thus they march, the Pillar leading,
Light by night and shade by day;
Daily on the manna feeding
Which He gives them when they pray.

Saviour, since of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name.
Fading is the world's best pleasure,
All its boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

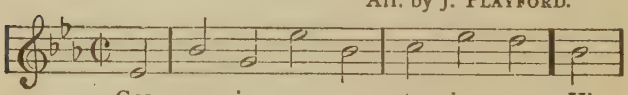
God Moves in a Mysterious Way

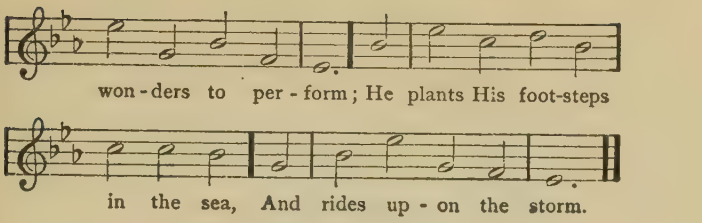
(London. New)

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."

Children are likely to remember Cowper by the ballad of "John Gilpin." The poet's and hymn-writer's life was a peculiarly melancholy one, and its distractions began with the death of his mother, when he was six years old. Later he was sent to a school where the cruel treatment he endured affected his mind. He was mentally broken at the age of seven by the hazing in fashion with the boys of English schools. This sad writer of a merry ballad spent most of his life with clergymen as his closest friends. He wrote his hymns as well as his poems in their society. He also sewed, looked after his pet hares, and worked in the garden.

William Cowper (1774). A. Hart's *Psalter* (1635). Arr. by J. Playford.





Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign Will.

Ye fearful * saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the LORD by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
GOD is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

* The word "fearful" is thus used in its most proper sense, and does not imply that the saints were to be feared.

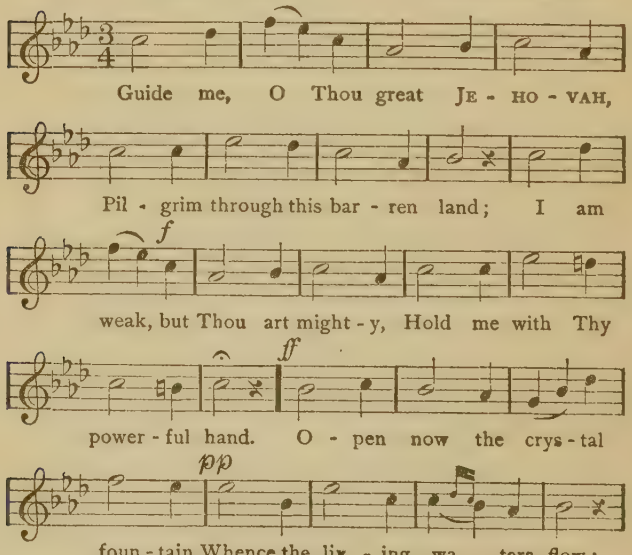
Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah

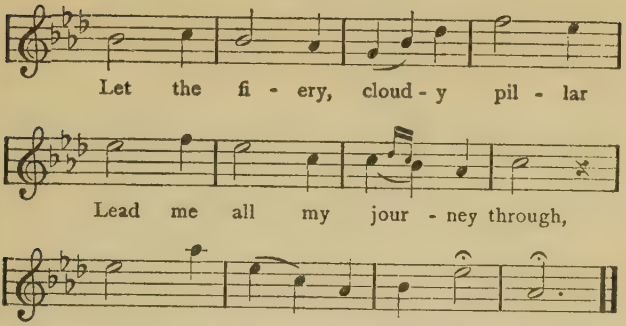
(Pillar)

"This God is our God forever and ever; and He shall be our guide unto death."

William Williams of Pantycelyn was to Wales what Watts was to England, as a hymn-writer. His best known lines are those below and "O'er those gloomy hills of darkness." He was a preacher without intending it. He was studying medicine when he halted at the yard of a parish church where the preacher was mounted on a tombstone exhorting his congregation, and, while standing there, Williams believed himself called to the ministry. He was first Church of England, but afterward joined Whitefield in his work.

Rev. W. WILLIAMS (1745). FLOTOW (*Martha*).


Guide me, O Thou great JE - HO - VAH,
Pil - grim through this bar - ren land; I am
f
weak, but Thou art might - y, Hold me with Thy
ff
power - ful hand. O - pen now the crys - tal
pp
foun - tain, Whence the liv - ing wa - ters flow;

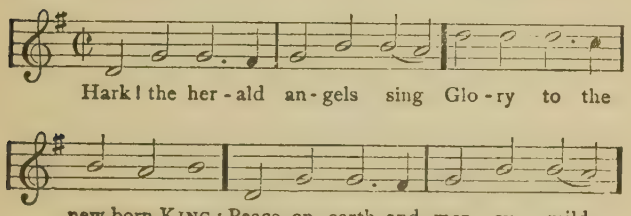


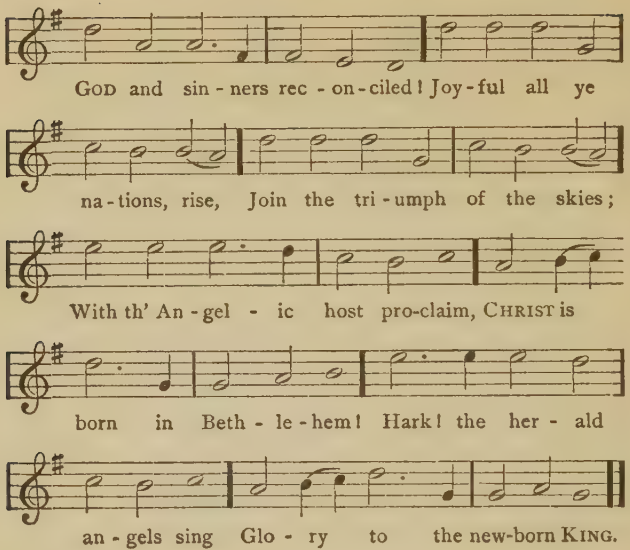
Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

This is the only Wesleyan hymn that has been included in the Church of England Hymnal. The original first line was, "Hark! how all the welkin rings." The accident or well-concealed intent on the part of somebody by which this characteristic Methodist hymn got into the Church of England Hymnal has caused it to be sung by thousands, and the ritualists cannot oust it despite many attempts.

CHAS. WESLEY (1739). MENDELSSOHN.




God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled! Joy - ful all ye
na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
With th' An - gel - ic host pro-claim, Christ is
born in Beth - le - hem! Hark! the her - ald
an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest Heav'n adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see!
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

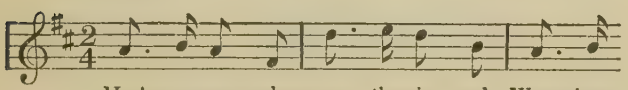
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth,
  Hark! the herald angels sing
  Glory to the new-born KING.

Hold the Fort *

"That which ye have hold fast till I come."

The excitement which this aroused for several years when sung congregationally, and especially under the direction of its author and composer, is beyond description. There is in it absolutely nothing devotional from the first word to the last, and the music is absurd, but the combination of rhythm and high-colored text aroused thousands to the pitch of hysteria. The words grew out of a signal wig-wagged by Sherman during the Civil War. "Hold the fort; I am coming." Mr. Bliss heard of this at a Sunday-school meeting, and he was convinced that there was a revival spirit in the idea. When holding a meeting elsewhere the next day, he went to the blackboard, wrote the words, and then sang them to the familiar tune for the first time. Thus the song was born.

P. P. BLISS.



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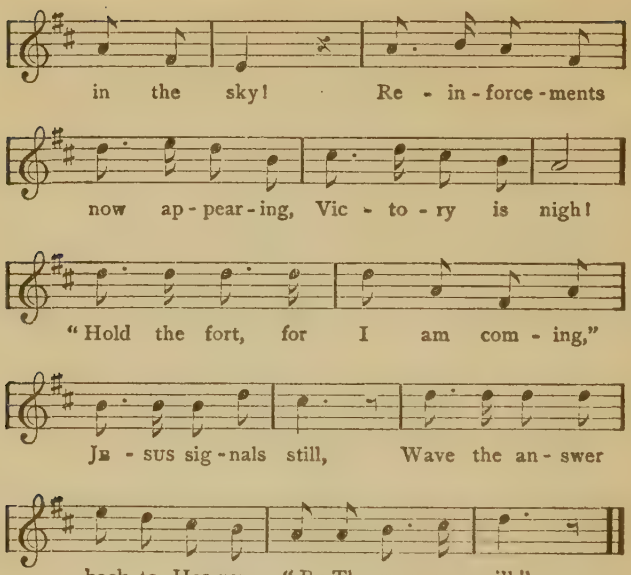

in the sky! Re - in - force - ments
now ap - pear - ing, Vic - to - ry is nigh!
"Hold the fort, for I am com - ing,"
Je - sus sig - nals still, Wave the an - swer
back to Hea-ven,— "By Thy grace we will."

See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on:
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone. *Cho.*

See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow;
In our Leader's name we 'll triumph
Over every foe. *Cho.*

Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our help is near;
Onward comes our great commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer! *Cho.*

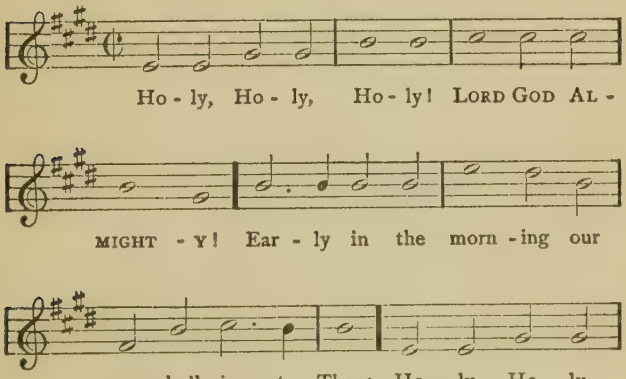
Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty

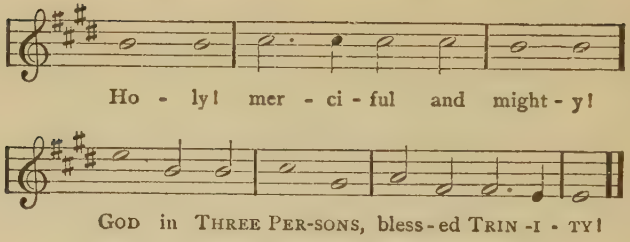
(Nicea)

"*They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty, Which was, and is, and is to come.*"

The Rev. Dr. Dykes' method of writing hymn-tunes was to play them to the members of his family on the Sunday night following their composition. If any criticism arose he changed the tunes accordingly. *Nicea* is one of his most widely known tunes. Their names were chosen by him for their especial application to whatever had suggested the hymn.

Bp. R. HEBER (1827). Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.





Holy, Holy, Holy! all the Saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

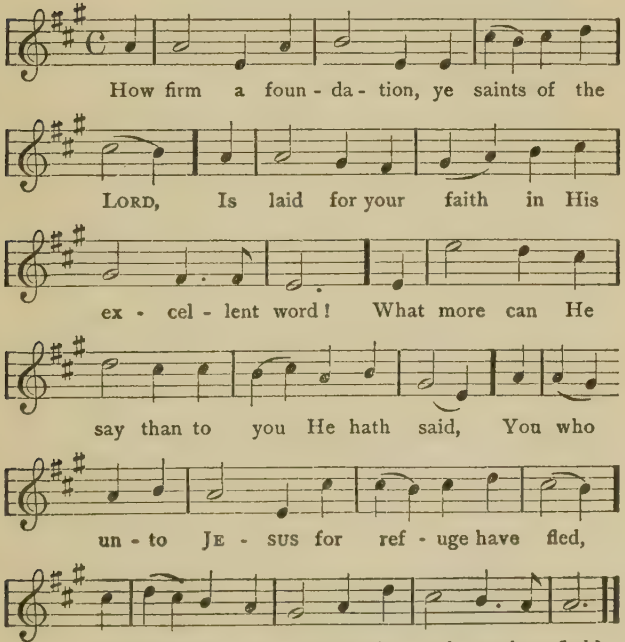
Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

How Firm a Foundation, ye Saints of the Lord

(Portuguese Hymn)

There seems to be no unanimity of opinion concerning the authorship of this hymn. The names mentioned in connection with it are George Keith, an English publisher, son-in-law of Dr. Gill, Kirkham, and the Rev. Mr. Keen, who is said to have written the hymn in the same year that Keith is said to have written it (1785). The hymn first appeared in "Ripon's Selection" in 1787.

MARCO ANTONIO PORTUGALLO (1795).


How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the
LORD, Is laid for your faith in His
ex - cel - lent word! What more can He
say than to you He hath said, You who
un - to JE - SUS for ref - uge have fled,
You who un - to JE - SUS for ref - uge have fled?

Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed!
I, I am thy GOD and will still give thee aid;
I 'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand
||: Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent Hand. :||

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
||: And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress. :||

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
||: Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine. :||

The soul that to JESUS hath fled for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
||: I 'll never, no, never, no, never forsake. :||

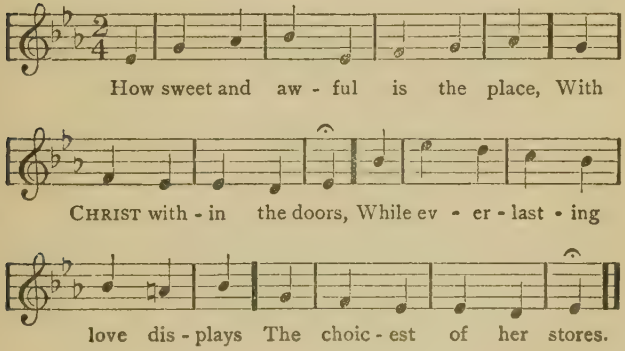
How Sweet and Awful is the Place

(Dundee)

"*Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in.*"

A young woman, Susanna Harrison, who was a domestic servant from the age of sixteen, turned hymn-writer, and a collection of her verse was published in New York in 1847. This hymn of Watts' was her favorite. She suffered greatly before her death, and just before the end she said: "I have not sung for some time. Sing with me, it will not hurt me. Sing Dr. Watts' hymn, 'How sweet and awful is the place.'" She continued after this to sing the entire night, and died singing ecstatically. *Dundee* is referred to in Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night." The name once local to Scotland, in time became accepted all over the country. It was known in the beginning as *Eaton*, and in 1591 as *Windsor*.

ISAAC WATTS. G. FRANC.


How sweet and aw - ful is the place, With
CHRIST with - in the doors, While ev - er - last - ing
love dis - plays The choic - est of her stores.

When all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,—
"LORD, why was I a guest?

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"Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

'T was the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

Pity the nations, O our GOD!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

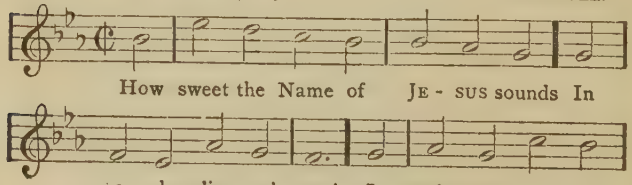
How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds

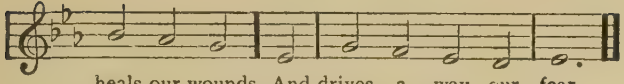
(St. Peter)

"*Unto you, therefore, which believe, He is precious.*"

Newton doubtless evolved this hymn from the great Latin one of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, which is called in the Olney hymns, "The Name of Jesus."

Rev. JOHN NEWTON (1779). A. R. REINAGLE.





It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

JESUS! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My LORD, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I 'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

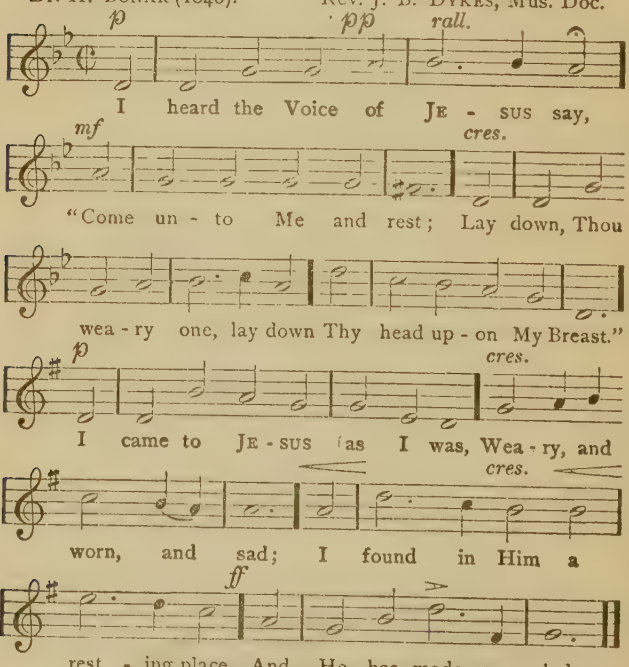
I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

(Vox dilecti)

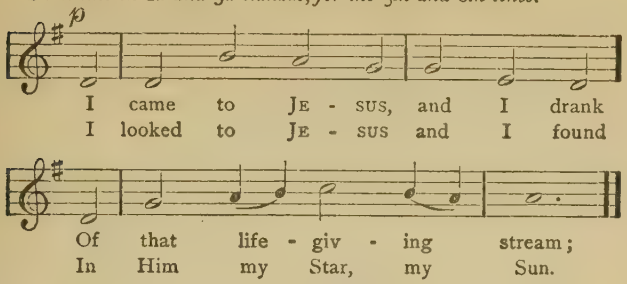
"He that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst."

Dr. Bonar was one of the few hymn-writers of the nineteenth century. His grandfather was also a hymn-writer. Dr. H. Bonar's work is chiefly characterized by its personal note. His use of the pronouns of the first person is notable, and it has made his hymns specially popular.

Dr. H. BONAR (1846). Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.


p
pp
rall.
I heard the Voice of JE - SUS say,
mf
cres.
"Come un - to Me and rest; Lay down, Thou
wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My Breast."
p
cres.
I came to JE - SUS as I was, Wea - ry, and
cres.
worn, and sad; I found in Him a
ff
rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.

Substitute in 2d and 3d stanzas, for the 5th and 6th lines.



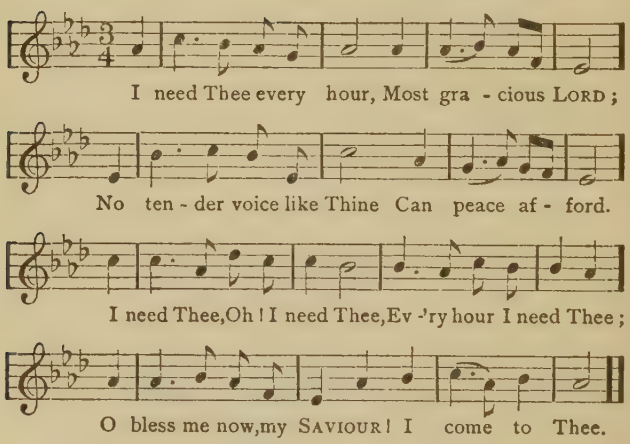
I heard the voice of JESUS say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live:"
I came to JESUS, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of JESUS say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:"
I look'd to JESUS, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I 'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

I Need Thee every Hour *

"Without Me ye can do nothing."

ANNIE S. HAWKES. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.


I need Thee every hour, Most gra - cious LORD;
No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
I need Thee, Oh! I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my SAVIOUR! I come to Thee.

I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power,
When Thou art nigh. *Cho.*

I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain. *Cho.*

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I need Thee every hour,
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil. *Cho.*

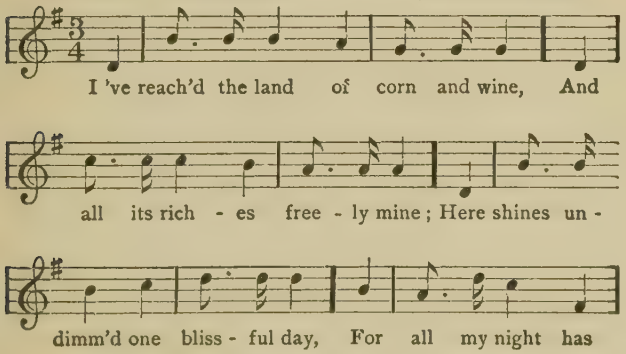
I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son. *Cho.*

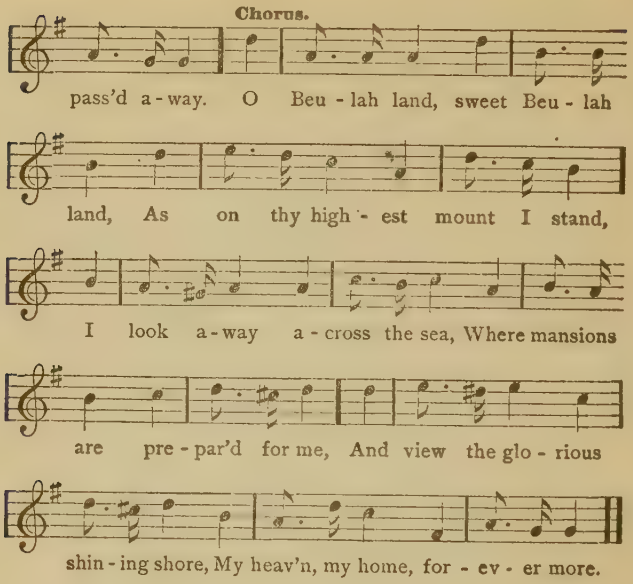
I 've Reached the Land of Corn and Wine

(Beulah)

This tune was sung for the first time at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, at a great Methodist revival, and it sprang at once into popular favor. Sankey sang it over the body of his friend Sweney when he died, and he has used it frequently in his famous meetings.

Rev. Edgar Page Stites. John R. Sweney.


I 've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And
all its rich - es free - ly mine; Here shines un -
dimm'd one bliss - ful day, For all my night has


Chorus.
pass'd a - way. O Beu - lah land, sweet Beu - lah
land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,
I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions
are pre - par'd for me, And view the glo - rious
shin - ing shore, My heav'n, my home, for - ev - er more.

The SAVIOUR comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me with His hand,
For this is Heaven's borderland. *Cho.*

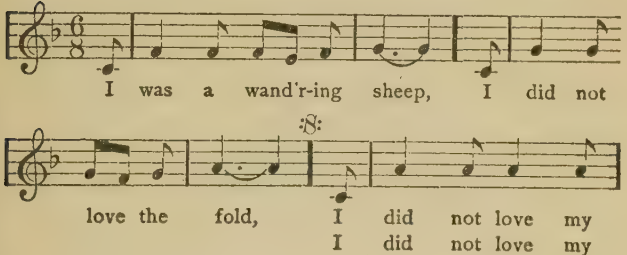
The zephyrs seem to float to me,
Sweet sounds of Heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-robed throng,
Join in the sweet redemption song. *Cho.*

I was a Wandering Sheep

(Lebanon)

"*When he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing.*"

Dr. H. BONAR. J. ZUNDEL.


I was a wand'r-ing sheep, I did not
:S:
love the fold, I did not love my
I did not love my
FINE.
Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - troll'd. I
FATHER's voice, I lov'd a - far to roam.
D.S.
was a way-ward child, I did not love my home.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The FATHER sought His child,
They follow'd me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;

They found me nigh to death,
Famish'd, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head,
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed;
They wash'd my filth away,
They made me clean and fair;
They brought me to my home in peace,
The long-sought wanderer.

JESUS my Shepherd is,
'T was He that loved my soul,
'T was He that wash'd me in His Blood,
'T was He that made me whole;
'T was He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'T was He that brought me to the fold,
'T is He that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controll'd;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.

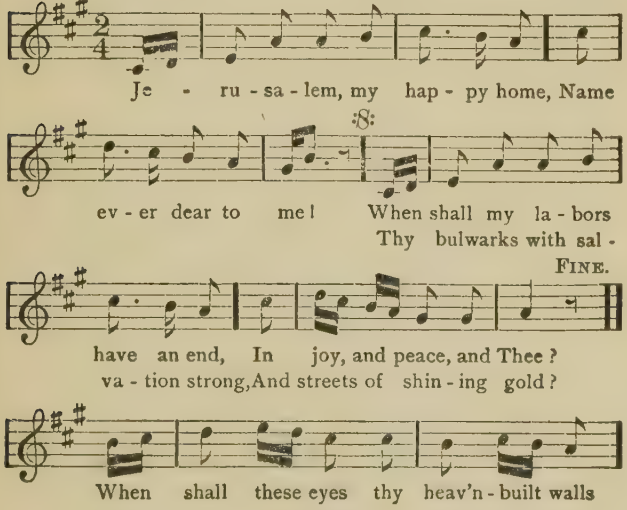
I was a wayward child,
I once preferr'd to roam;
But now I love my FATHER'S voice,
I love, I love His home.

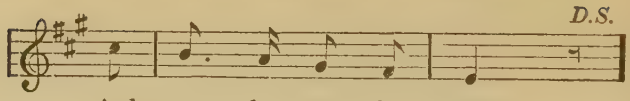
Jerusalem, my Happy Home

"When shall I come to appear before the presence of God?"

There is great uncertainty surrounding the authorship of this hymn. Sometimes it is attributed to Boden.

Words VIII century. Arr. by JAS. MONTGOMERY (1802).


Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name
ev - er dear to me! When shall my la - bors
Thy bulwarks with sal -
FINE.
have an end, In joy, and peace, and Thee?
va - tion strong, And streets of shin - ing gold?
When shall these eyes thy heav'n - built walls



Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And all I love in CHRIST below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my labors have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

O CHRIST, do Thou my soul prepare
For that bright home of love;
That I may see Thee and adore,
With all Thy Saints above.

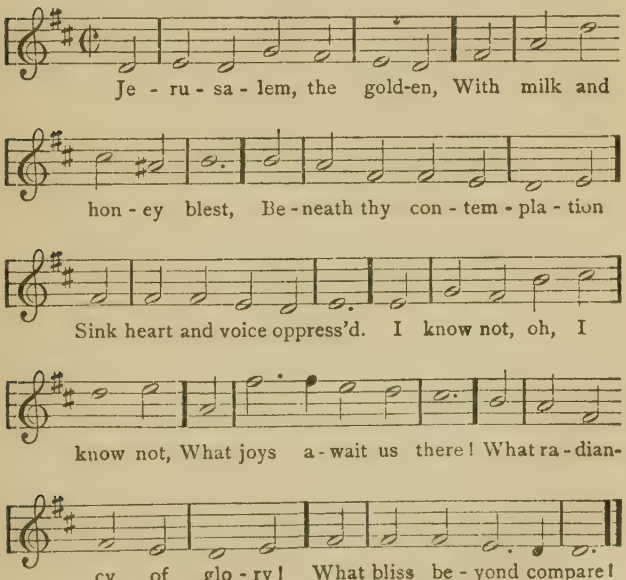
Jerusalem, the Golden

(Ewing)

"*And the city was pure gold.*"

This is a paraphrase of the Bernard of Cluny hymn, which had a cento of three thousand lines, of which four hundred and forty-two were made into an English poem. Dr. Neale, who made a paraphrase of this hymn, declared that no less than fourteen new hymnals included more or less of the stanzas. It is the seventh in rank of the English favorites.

BERNARD of Cluny (1145),
Tr. by Rev. F. M. NEALE (1858). A. EWING.


Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold-en, With milk and
hon - ey blest, Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion
Sink heart and voice oppress'd. I know not, oh, I
know not, What joys a - wait us there! What ra - dian-
cy of glo - ry! What bliss be - yond compare!

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an Angel,
And all the Martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquer'd in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of GOD'S elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
JESU, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with GOD the FATHER
And SPIRIT, ever blest.

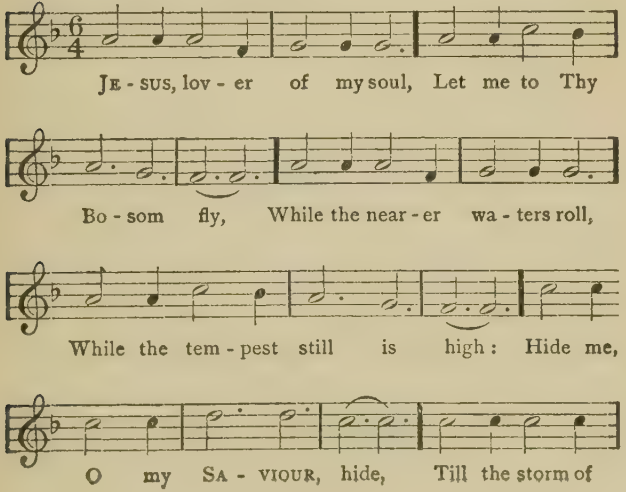
Jesus, Lover of my Soul

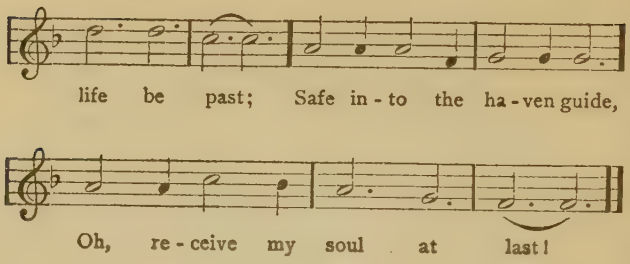
(Martyn)

"A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest."

This is the second of the hymns favored by tramps, and it is also one which John Wesley protested against including in his hymn-book for obvious reasons. Its character is painfully materialistic for a hymn sacred to an ideal religion. It is called a "hymn for the distressed and for the sinner." Christopher Wordsworth (Bishop of Lincoln, and nephew of Wordsworth the poet) thought it "inexpressibly shocking that 'Jesus, Lover of my Soul' should be sung in Westminster Abbey" because of the "large, mixed congregation in a dissolute part of a populous and irreligious city." At that time the harassed Doctor was Canon of Westminster.

CHAS. WESLEY (1740). SIMEON B. MARSH (1834).


JE - SUS, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy
Bo - som fly, While the near - er wa - ters roll,
While the tem - pest still is high: Hide me,
O my SA - VIOUR, hide, Till the storm of



Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of Life the Fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

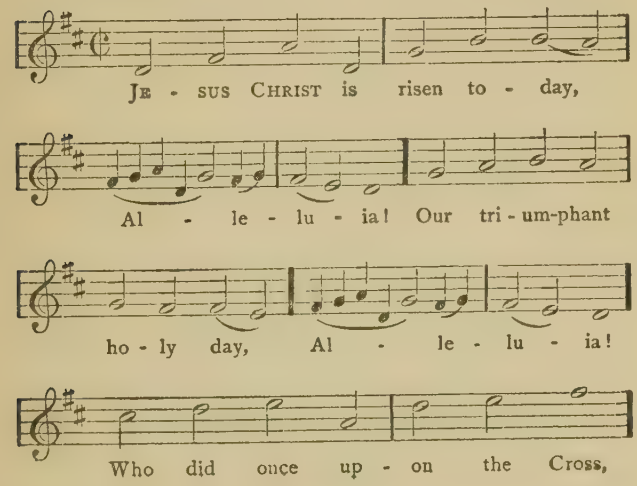
Jesus Christ is Risen To-day

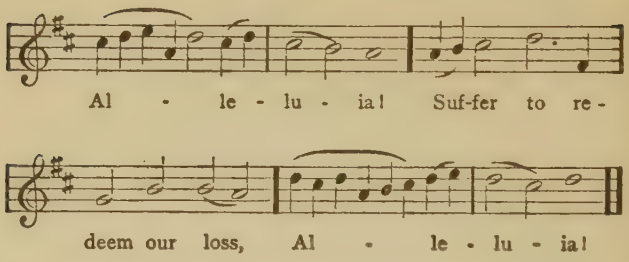
(Anastasis)

"The Lord is risen indeed."

The first appearance of this great hymn, with all its swelling Alleluias, was in a little volume called "Lyra Davidica," which may be found in the British Museum and probably nowhere else. No one knows who wrote the words, but as Tate and Brady's book included them and gave them prominence, the authorship is put down to Tate and Brady. The compiler of the "Lyra Davidica" wrote as its excuse that "There is a desire for a little freer air than the grand movement of the psalm-tunes." Later, five guineas were offered by what was known as the "Cheadle Association" for a new musical setting to the hymn, which should be of a "more strictly ecclesiastical character," and the prize was won by W. H. Monk, but his tune never replaced the old one.

TATE and BRADY (1816). CAREY and WORGAN.





Hymns of praise then let us sing,
Alleluia!
Unto CHRIST, our heavenly King,
Alleluia!
Who endured the Cross and grave,
Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save,
Alleluia!

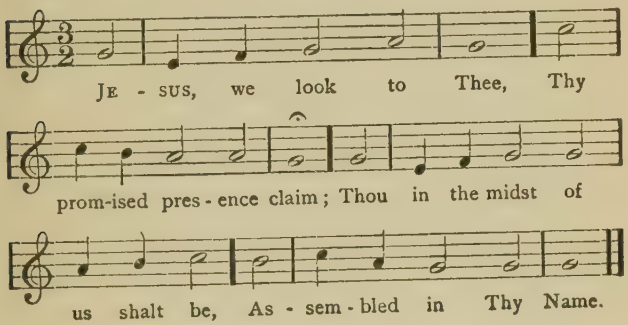
But the pain which He endured,
Alleluia!
Our salvation hath procured,
Alleluia!
Now above the sky He 's King,
Alleluia!
Where the Angels ever sing,
Alleluia!

Jesus, we Look to Thee

(Boylston)

This hymn was originally called *At Meeting of Friends*, tune name, of course. It was taken from Wesley's hymns and sacred poems in 1749. The composer first became known in 1853, and the tunes *Missionary*, *Boylston*, and *Harlan* made him famous.

CHAS. WESLEY. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

We meet the grace to take,
Which Thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for Thy dear sake,
That we may meet in Heaven.

Present we know Thou art,
But, oh, Thyself reveal!
Now, LORD, let every bounding heart
Thy mighty comfort feel.

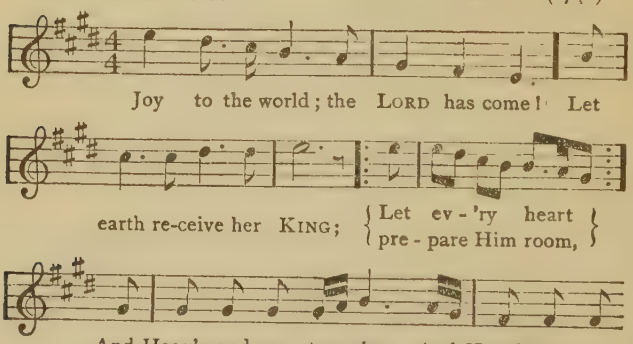
Oh, may Thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

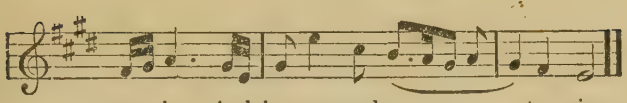
Joy to the World; the Lord is Come!

(Antioch)

Professor Prout declared that *Antioch*, or *Comfort*, as it has been otherwise known, is not a composition of Händel's. Possibly he is correct.

ISAAC WATTS (1719). GEO. F. HÄNDEL (1741).


Joy to the world; the LORD has come! Let
earth re-ceive her KING; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room,
And Heav'n and na-ture sing, And Heav'n and na-



Joy to the earth; the SAVIOUR reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He came to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the earth with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Just as I am, Without one Plea

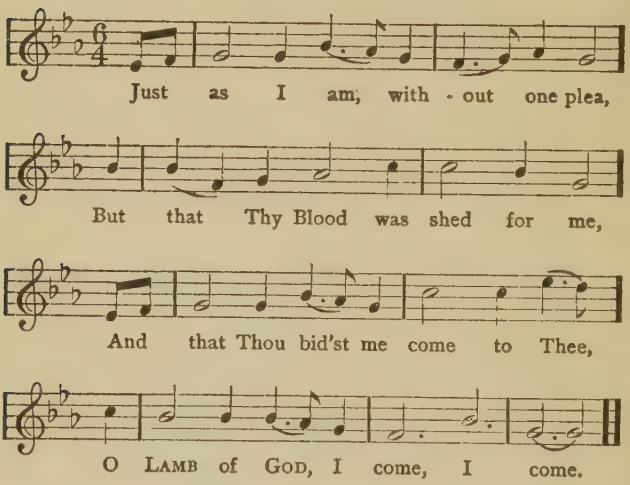
(Woodworth)

"*Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.*"

This was first published in the "Invalid's Hymn-book," having been written by the author upon her conversion. Her brother, who was a preacher, declared that all his work had not accomplished so much good as his

sister's one hymn. There is a French version of this hymn, also a Latin one, which seems to prove that it possesses some unusual quality. At eighty years of age the author was still writing.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT (1836). W. B. BRADBURY.



Just as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O LAMB of GOD, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O LAMB of GOD, I come.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O LAMB of GOD, I come.

Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O LAMB of GOD, I come.

Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O LAMB of GOD, I come.

Lead, Kindly Light, Amid the Encircling Gloom

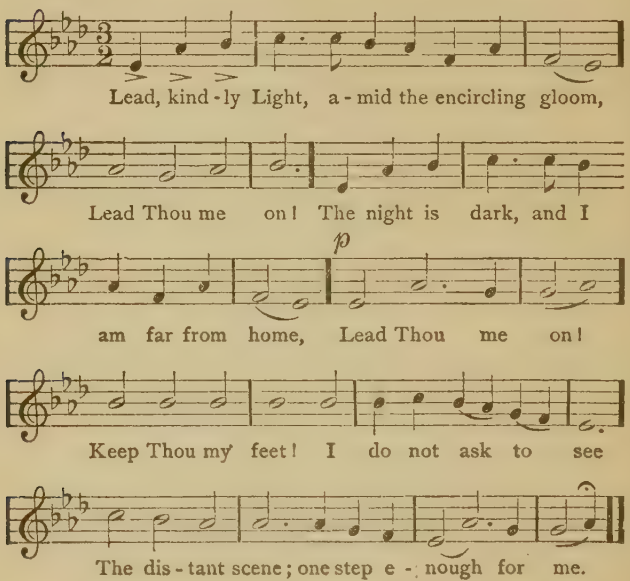
(Lux Benigna)

> "*In the day time also He led them with a cloud, and all the night through with a light of fire.*"

This is the third of the trio of hymns beloved by tramps. This one was written by John Henry Newman on board a sailing vessel while it was becalmed for a week in the Straits of Bonifacio. He was ill, and suffering. It was first published in the British Magazine under the title of "The Pillar of the Cloud." In after years Newman refused to state precisely

what he meant by the final lines. He declared them to be the result of some "transient" condition of mind. But they doubtless referred to the loss of his own loved ones.

Card. J. H. NEWMAN (1833). Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.


Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on! The night is dark, and I
p
am far from home, Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn, those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

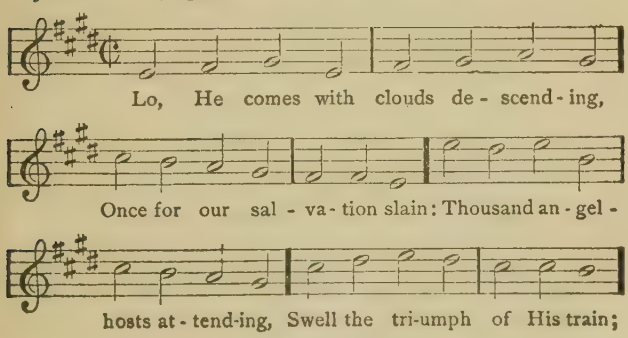
Lo, He Comes with Clouds Descending

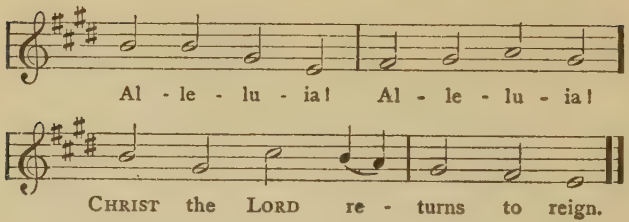
(St. Thomas)

"*Behold He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him.*"

This hymn has received somewhat remarkable treatment at the hands of several hymn-writers. Madan put together two stanzas written by Cennick and three written by Chas. Wesley, and the result is the hymn as sung to-day.

J. CENNICK (1752), WESLEY (1758), MADAN (1760).


Lo, He comes with clouds de - scend - ing,
Once for our sal - va - tion slain: Thousand an - gel -
hosts at - tend-ing, Swell the tri-umph of His train;



Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught, and sold Him,
Pierced and nail'd Him to the tree,
||: Deeply wailing, :||
Shall the true MESSIAH see.

Those dead tokens of His Passion
Still His dazzling Body bears,
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransom'd worshippers;
||: With what rapture :||
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal Throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the Kingdom for Thine own:
||: Alleluia! :||
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

Lord, Dismiss us with Thy Blessing

(Sicilian Hymn)

"Stablish the thing, O God, that Thou hast wrought in us."

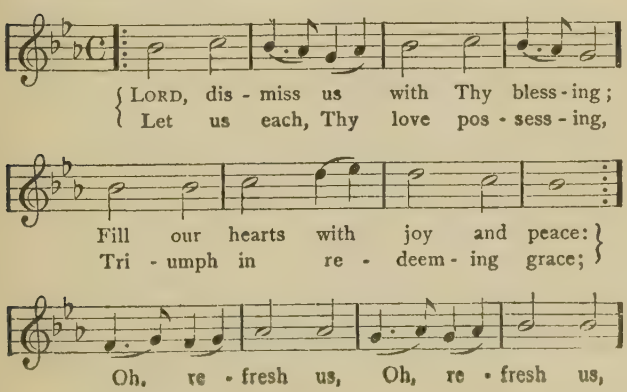
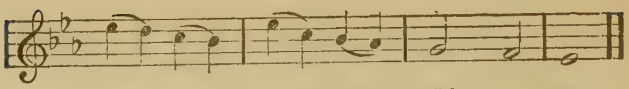
This hymn was written by Dr. Hawker, who always used it to close his service. One day his grandson, who had ideas of his own and who did not know the author of the hymn, said: "Grandfather, I do not altogether like that hymn. . . . I think it might be improved in metre and language, and would be better if made somewhat longer."

"Oh, indeed," the Doctor said, becoming excited. "And pray, Robert, what emendations commend themselves to your precocious wisdom?" The young chap read then to his grandfather his "improved version."

"Crude and flat, sir! Young puppy, it is *mine! I* wrote that hymn!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, grandfather, I did not know that. It is a very nice hymn indeed, but — but —" and he started for the door, — "mine is better."

The hymn below was first published in 1774, and elsewhere it has been printed: "Lord, Vouchsafe to us Thy Blessing."

Dr. Hawker (1774). *Italian.*

LORD, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing;
Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace:
Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace;
Oh, re - fresh us, Oh, re - fresh us,

Bless Thou all our days of leisure;
Help us selfish lures to flee;
Sanctify our every pleasure;
Pure and blameless may it be;
||: May our gladness :||
Draw us evermore to Thee.

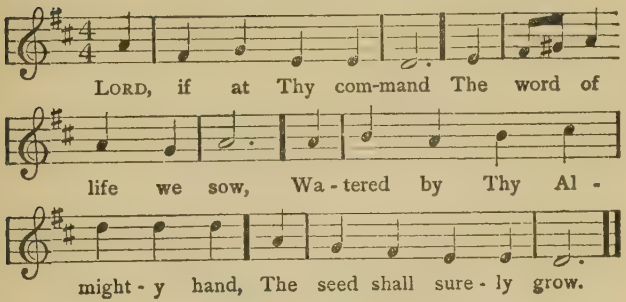
By Thy kindly influence cherish
All the good we here have gain'd;
May all taint of evil perish
By Thy mightier power restrain'd;
||: Seek we ever :||
Knowledge pure and love unfeign'd.

Let thy FATHER-hand be shielding
All who here shall meet no more;
May their seed-time past be yielding
Year by year a richer store;
||: Those returning, :||
Make more faithful than before.

Lord, if at Thy Command

(Swabia)

CHAS. WESLEY. *Old German Chorale.*
Arr. by WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL.



The virtue of thy grace
A large increase shall give,
And multiply the faithful race
Who to thy glory live.

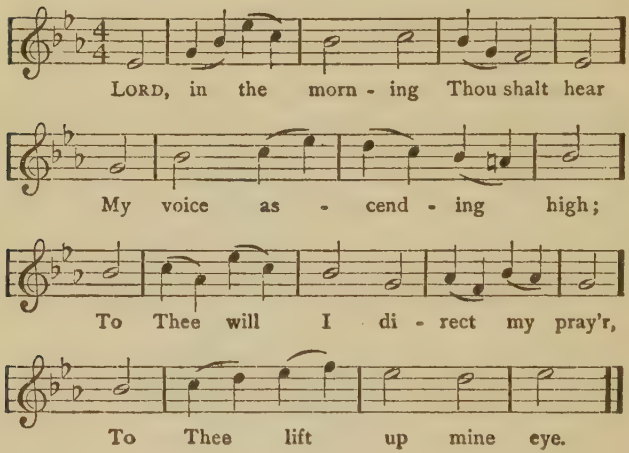
Now then the ceaseless shower
Of gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
Thy ministers attend.

On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.

Lord, in the Morning Thou Shalt Hear

(Warwick)

ISAAC WATTS. S. STANLEY.



Up to the hills, where CHRIST has gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His FATHER'S throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

Thou art a GOD, before Whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinner shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

But to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

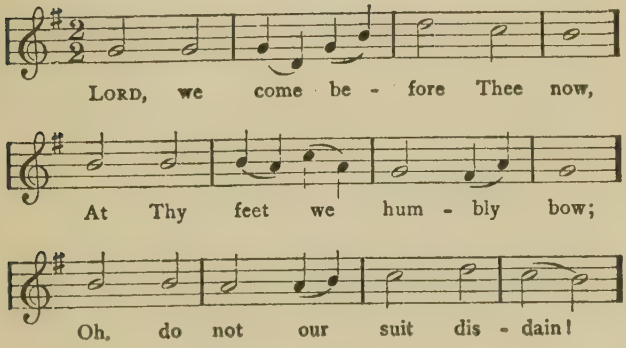
Oh, may the SPIRIT guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

Lord, we Come Before Thee Now

(Hendon)

The author of this hymn was an exceedingly learned man, and left behind him an autobiography written in Greek.

HAMMOND. C. MALAN.



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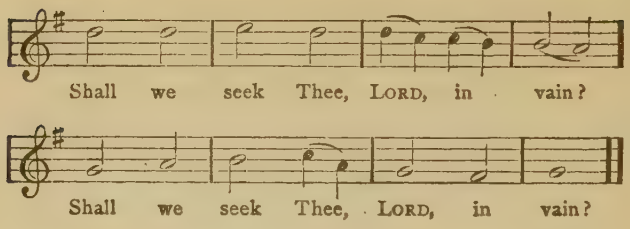

LORD, on Thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
||: Tune our lips to sing Thy praise. :||

In Thine own appointed way
Now we seek Thee; here we stay;
LORD, we know not how to go,
||: Till a blessing Thou bestow. :||

Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down, lift up;
||: Make them strong in faith and hope. :||

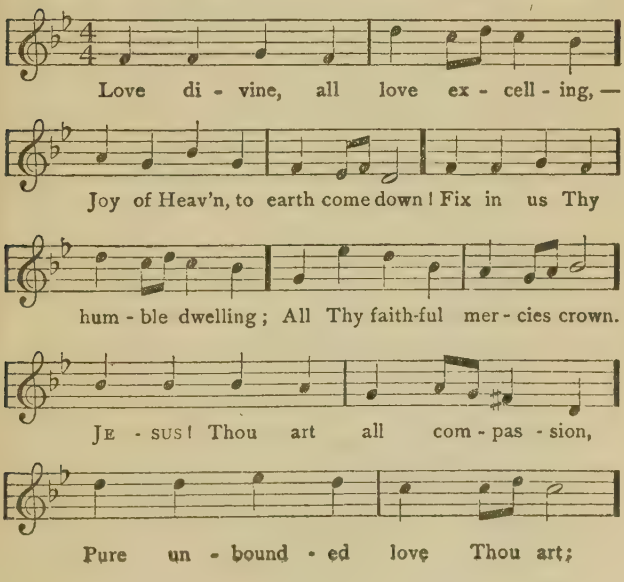
Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a GOD supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
||: Let us all rejoice in Thee. :||

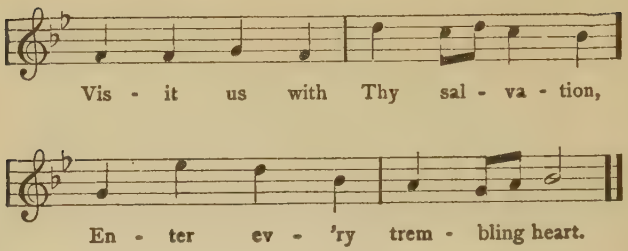
Love Divine, all Love Excelling

(Beecher)

"Visit me with Thy salvation."

This hymn with its spirit of tenderness does not sound as if written by a descendant of a preacher who was credited with "Long-breathed devotions and bloody prayers," but that is how the progenitor of Charles Wesley was described at the time he preached to Charles Stuart, who came by accident to Wesley's little chapel, while flying to the French coast. The story of the Wesleys, from grandfathers to the famous Methodists, is full of stirring and virile incidents. Much of this story will be found in Duffield's "English Hymns."

CHAS. WESLEY (1747). J. ZUNDEL (1870).

Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, —
Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy
hum - ble dwelling; All Thy faith-ful mer - cies crown.
JE - SUS! Thou art all com - pas - sion,
Pure un - bound - ed love Thou art;



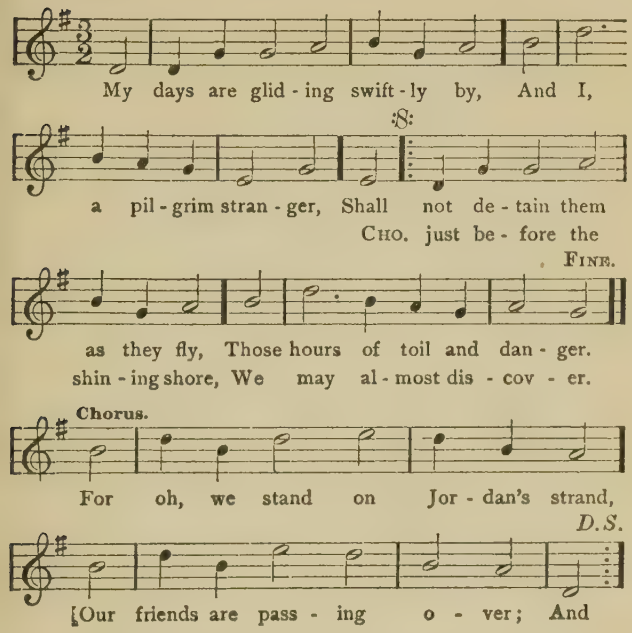
Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy Hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in Heav'n we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

My Days are Gliding Swiftly by

(Shining Shore)

NELSON. G. F. ROOT.


My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I,
a pil - grim stran - ger, Shall not de - tain them
CHO. just be - fore the
FINE.
as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
shin - ing shore, We may al - most dis - cov - er.
Chorus.
For oh, we stand on Jor - dan's strand,
D.S.
Our friends are pass - ing o - ver; And

We 'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent LORD has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For oh, —

Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For oh, —

Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our KING says come, and there 's our home,
Forever and forever.
For oh, —

My God, how Wonderful Thou Art

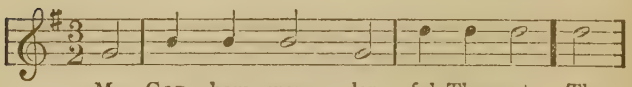
(Marlow)

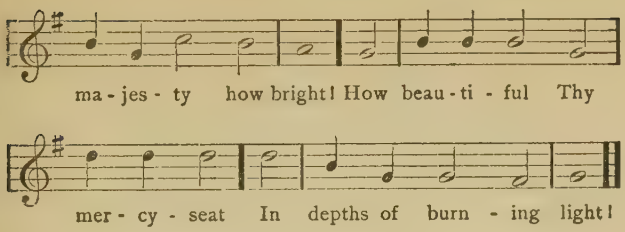
Frederick Faber's hymns are almost too profound for use by average congregations. He has the power of analysis in a large degree, and certain of his lines, belonging to other sacred poems than the one below, are marvels of fine expression and subtle thought.

"The only comfort of our littleness,
Is that Thou art so great!"

There is distinction of thought in those lines! and they place Faber above his fellows as a hymn, or sacred-poem, writer. Faber came under the influence of Cardinal Newman in his youth, and it is an interesting fact that Newman and Faber drifted into the Catholic Church together, Faber as the pupil of Newman. Thus the Catholic Church gained two truly great men.

Rev. F. W. FABER. *Old English Tune.*





How dread are Thine eternal years,
O Everlasting LORD;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity.

Oh, how I fear Thee, living GOD,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

Yet I may love Thee too, O LORD,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

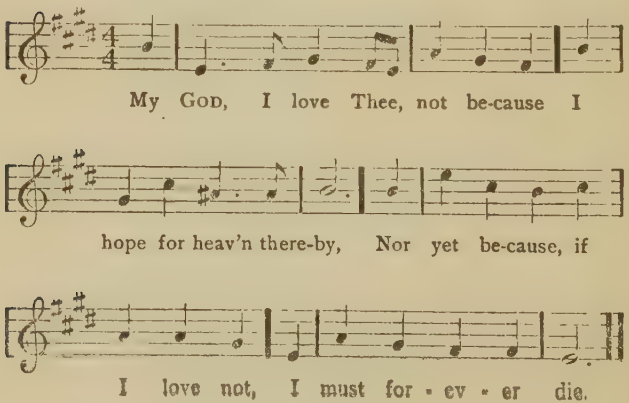
No earthly father loves like Thee;
No mother e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.

Father of JESUS, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And ever gaze on Thee!

My God, I Love Thee

(St. Bernard)

FRANCIS XAVIER. Tr. by EDWARD CASWALL. JOHN RICHARDSON.



Thou, O my JESUS, Thou didst me
  Upon the Cross embrace:
For me didst bear the nails, and spear,
  And manifold disgrace.

Then why, O blessèd JESUS CHRIST,
  Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning Heaven,
  Nor of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
  Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
  O ever-loving LORD!

So would I love Thee, dearest LORD,
  And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my GOD,
  And my Eternal KING.

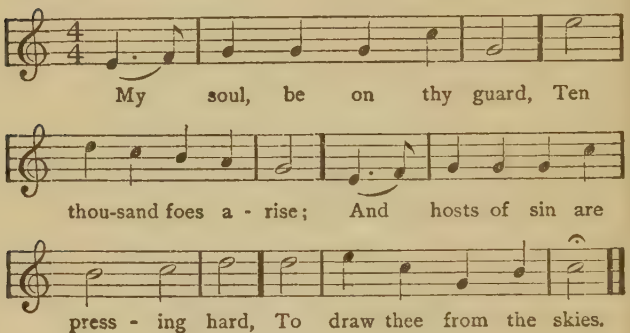
My Soul, be on thy Guard

(Laban)

The author of this hymn seems to have fallen from grace, according to history, but as this hymn was written after he was compelled to give up his church — he was a Unitarian — for some unworthiness, there is some-

thing very suggestive about the text. Doubtless the poor fellow knew well the necessity for being on his guard, having felt himself assailed by "ten thousand foes" frequently.

GEO. HEATH (1781). DR. LOWELL MASON.



Oh, watch and fight and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy GOD!
He 'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

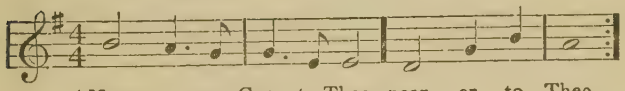
Nearer, my God, to Thee

(Bethany)

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee."

This was President McKinley's favorite hymn, and when dying he was heard faintly to sing it. On the day of his funeral all affairs were stopped for five minutes in many parts of the country, and especially in Canton the world came to a standstill and many sang this hymn during those minutes. The hymn has been criticised because it contains "nothing of Christ," but this criticism has not seemed to impair its usefulness.

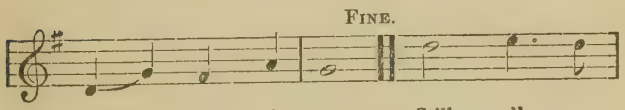
SARAH ADAMS (1841). *Old English Tune.*



{ Near - er, my GOD, to Thee, near - er to Thee,
E'en though it be a Cross (*omit.*)

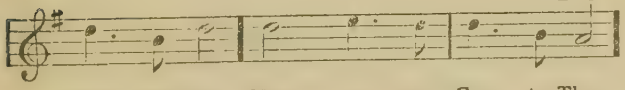
D.C. Near - er, my GOD, to Thee (*omit.*)

FINE.



That rais - - eth me. Still all my
Near - er to Thee!

D.C.



song shall be, Near - er, my GOD, to Thee,

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet, in my dreams I 'd be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear
Steps up to Heav'n,
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I 'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

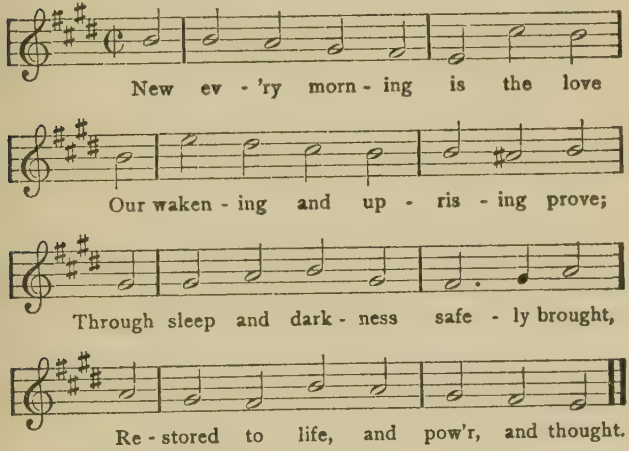
New ev'ry Morning is the Love

(Melcombe)

"*His compassions fail not; they are new every morning.*"

The hymn was taken from a poem of sixteen stanzas, first published in the "Christian Year" in 1827.

Rev. JOHN KEBLE (1822). S. WEBBE.


New ev - 'ry morn - ing is the love
Our waken - ing and up - ris - ing prove;
Through sleep and dark - ness safe - ly brought,
Re - stored to life, and pow'r, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of GOD, new hopes of Heav'n.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

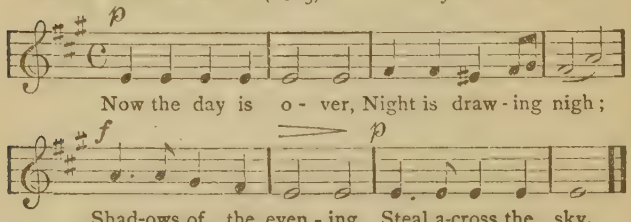
Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

Now the Day is Over

(Repose)

"*When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down and thy sleep shall be sweet.*"

Rev. S. Baring-Gould (1865). Sir Joseph Barnby.



Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose:
With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night watches
May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

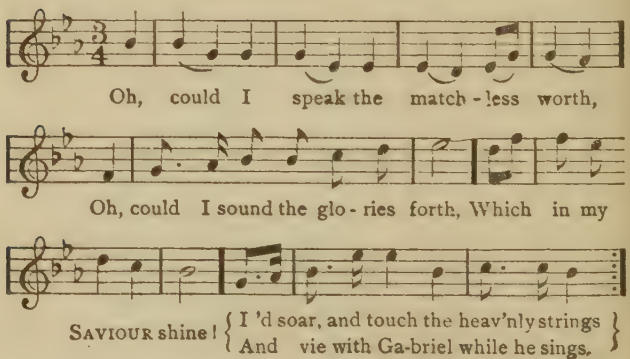
Glory to the FATHER,
Glory to the SON,
And to Thee, Blest SPIRIT,
Whilst all ages run.

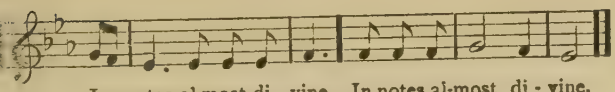
Oh, Could I Speak the Matchless Worth

(Ariel)

The original beginning of this hymn was "Not of terrestrial mortal themes." It did not find special favor until Dr. Mason put the present tune of *Ariel* to it. It is an English hymn, but it is America that has made it popular. Unlike many sacred verses it has remained undivorced from its first successful tune, and belongs only to *Ariel*.

MEDLEY (1789). Dr. LOWELL MASON.


Oh, could I speak the match-less worth,
Oh, could I sound the glo-ries forth, Which in my
SAVIOUR shine! { I 'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings
And vie with Ga-briel while he sings. }



I 'd sing the Precious Blood He spilt
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine!
I 'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

I 'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

Well — the delightful day will come
When my dear LORD will bring me home,
And I shall see His face:
Then with my SAVIOUR, BROTHER, FRIEND,
A blest eternity I 'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

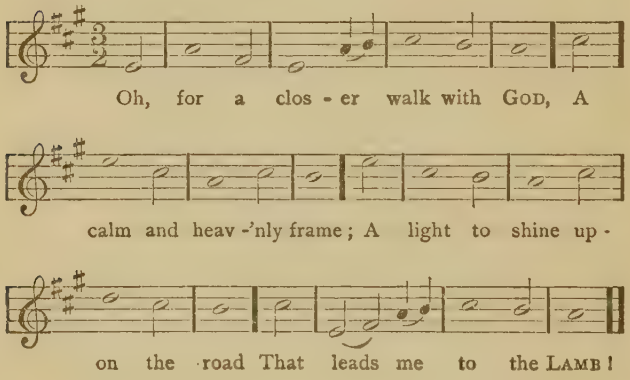
Oh, for a Closer Walk with God

(Martyrdom)

"*Oh, that I were as in months past.*"

This hymn was written at a time when Cowper's melancholy was in abeyance. He nevertheless was so morbid that he felt it sinful to write anything of a secular nature. In all probability had the unhappy poet been forced to think of less emotional matters than his own soul he would have been less hopelessly distraught. One may read his hymns and revel in their genuine inspiration — unless one fully knows the impulse of them, and then they become painful to a sympathetic mind.

WILLIAM COWPER (1772).



What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O Holy Dove, return,
  Sweet Messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
  And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
  Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy Throne,
  And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
  Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
  That leads me to the Lamb.

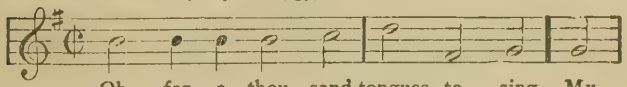
Oh, for a Thousand Tongues to Sing

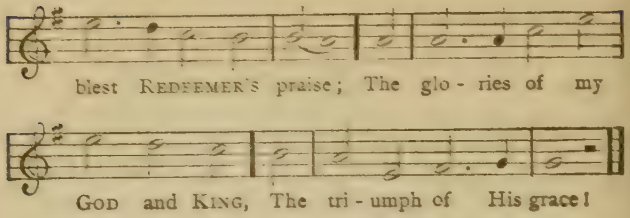
(Selby)

> "*When ye glorify the Lord, exalt Him as much as ye can: for even yet will He much exceed: and when ye exalt Him, put forth all your strength, and not be weary: for ye can never go far enough.*"

This is the first hymn in the Methodist hymnal, and Wesley wrote it to commemorate the anniversary of his conversion. He was ill at the time with pleurisy. It was the day of Pentecost, and Charles Wesley's conversion took place then, according to Duffield, and the hymn was made one year from that time.

Chas. Wesley (May 21, 1739).





JESUS — the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears,
'T is life and health and peace.

He speaks: — and, list'ning to His Voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

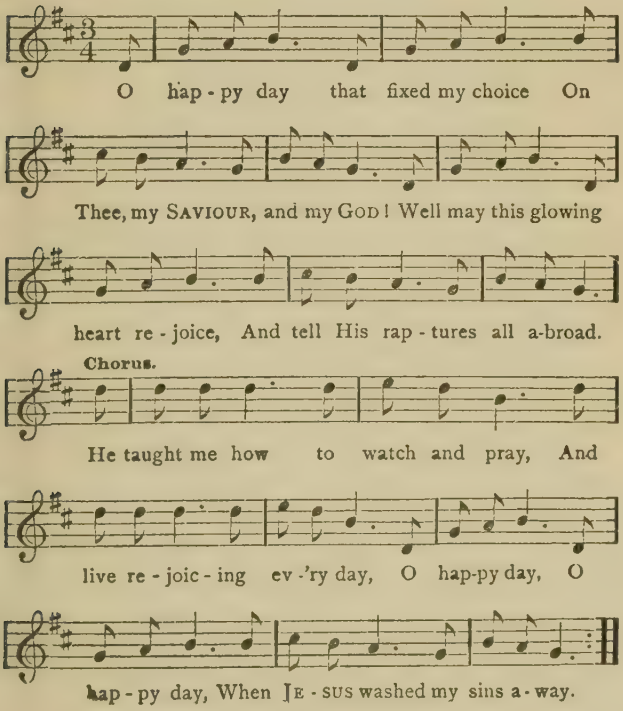
Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your SAVIOUR come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

My gracious Master and my GOD,
Assist me to proclaim
And spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy Name.

O Happy Day that Fixed my Choice

Philip Doddridge was the twentieth child of his parents. He wrote some fairly good hymns, chiefly on the subject of his own sermons. The hymn below has been a marked favorite among American Methodists for years, and is especially used at revival times.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE (1755).


O hap - py day that fixed my choice On
Thee, my SAVIOUR, and my GOD! Well may this glowing
heart re - joice, And tell His rap - tures all a-broad.
Chorus.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And
live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day, O hap-py day, O
hap - py day, When JE - SUS washed my sins a - way.

'T is done, the great transaction's done —
I am my LORD's and He is mine;
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the Voice Divine. *Cho.*

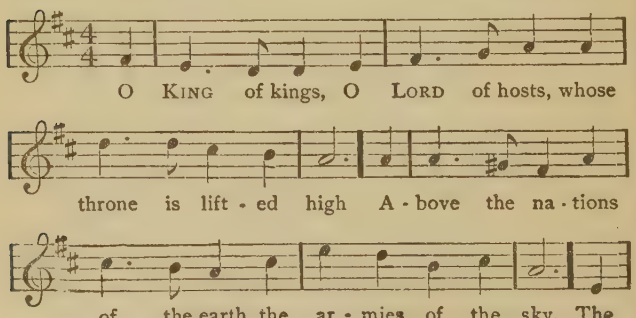
Now rest, my long divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy LORD depart,
With Him of every good possessed. *Cho.*

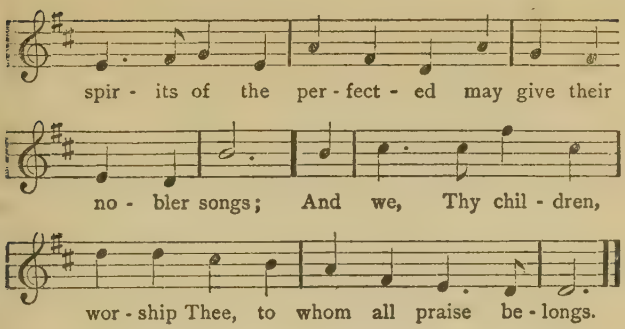
High Heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear. *Cho.*

O King of Kings, O Lord of Hosts

(Rex Regum)

HENRY BURTON. JOHN STAINER.





Thy hand has hid within our fields treasures of
countless worth;
The light, the suns of other years, shine from the
depths of earth;
The very dust, inbreathed by Thee, the clods all
cold and dead,
Wake into beauty and to life, to give Thy chil-
dren bread.

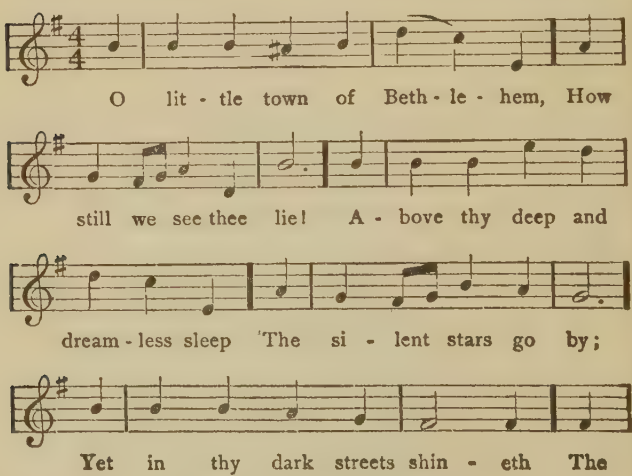
Thou who hast sown the sky with stars, setting
Thy thoughts in gold,
Hast crowned our nation's life, and ours, with
blessings manifold;
Thy mercies have been numberless; Thy love,
Thy grace, Thy care,
Were wider than our utmost need, and higher
than our prayer.

O KING of Kings, O LORD of Hosts, our fathers' GOD and ours!
Be with us in the future years; and if the tempest lowers,
Look through the cloud with light of love, and smile our tears away
And lead us through the brightening years to heaven's eternal day.

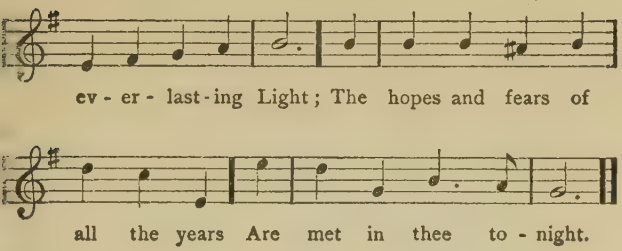
O Little Town of Bethlehem*

(St. Louis)

PHILLIPS BROOKS. LEWIS H. REDNER.


O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How
still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and
dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The

* Permission of E. P. Dutton & Company.



For CHRIST is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to GOD the KING,
And peace to men on earth!

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So GOD imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his Heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear CHRIST enters in.

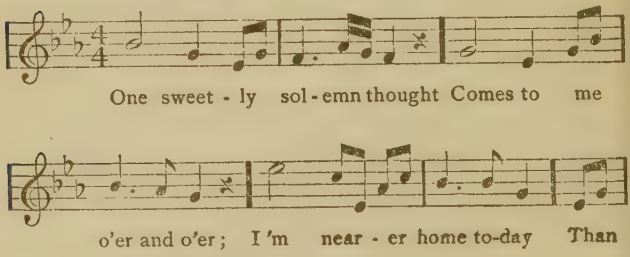
O holy CHILD of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our LORD IMMANUEL!

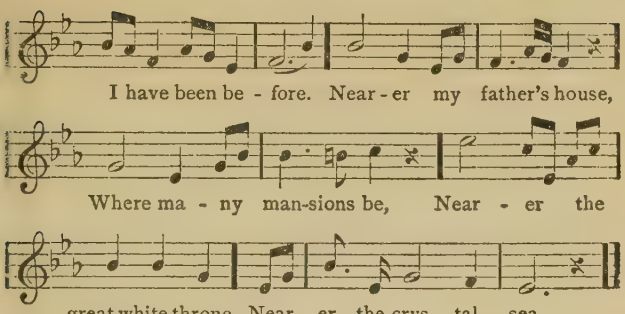
One Sweetly Solemn Thought

(Jewett)

This hymn's story comes from the pen of Phœbe Cary. She wrote to Mary Clemmer Ames: "I enclose the hymn and the story for you, not because I am vain of the notice, but because I thought you would feel a peculiar interest in them when you knew the hymn was written eighteen years ago (1852) in your house. I composed it in the little back third-story bedroom one Sunday morning after coming from church, and it makes me happy to think that any word I could say has done a little good in the world." This verse has been corrupted to suit the demands of this musical setting.

PHŒBE CARY (1852). C. M. VON WEBER.





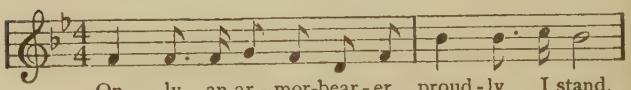
Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down,
Nearer to leave the Cross,
And nearer to the Crown;
But lying dark between,
And winding through the night,
The deep and unknown stream
Crossed ere we reach the light.

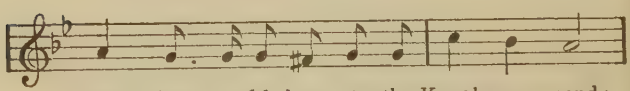
Jesus, confirm my trust;
Strengthen the hand of faith
To feel Thee, when I stand
Upon the shore of death.
Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink,
For I am nearer home,
Perhaps, than now I think.

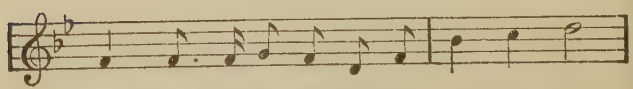
Only an Armor-Bearer *

"Now it came to pass upon a day, that Jonathan, the son of Saul, said unto the young man that bare his armor, Come, and let us go over to the Philistine's garrison that is on the other side; it may be that the Lord will work for us; for there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few. And his armor-bearer said unto him, Do all that is in thine heart: turn thee; behold, I am with thee according to thine heart. And Jonathan climbed up upon his hands and upon his feet, and his armor-bearer after him: and they fell before Jonathan; and his armor-bearer slew after him. So the Lord saved Israel that day, and the battle passed over unto Bethaven."

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.







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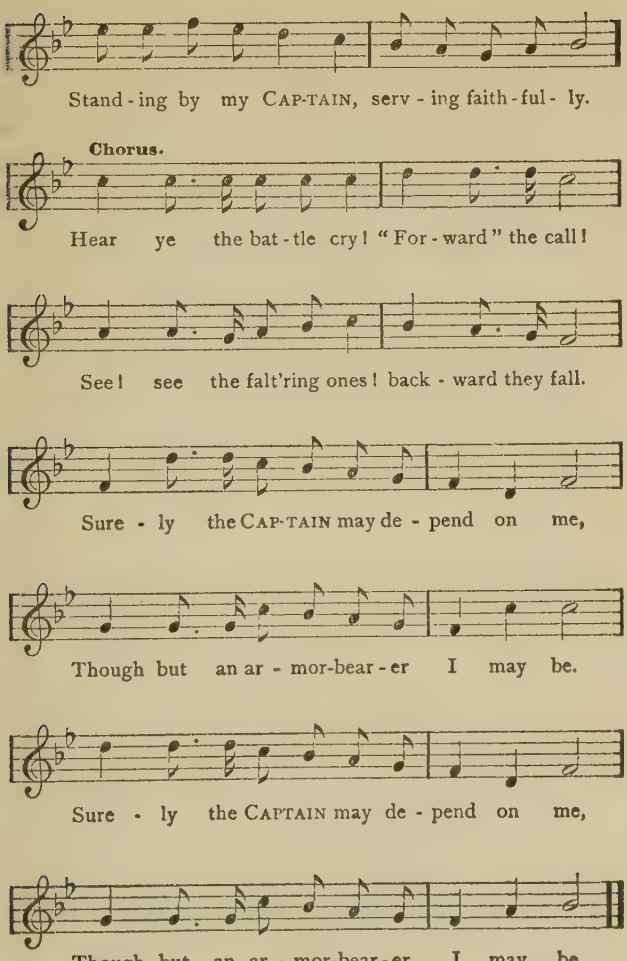

Stand - ing by my CAP-TAIN, serv - ing faith - ful - ly.
Chorus.
Hear ye the bat - tle cry! "For - ward" the call!
See! see the falt'ring ones! back - ward they fall.
Sure - ly the CAP-TAIN may de - pend on me,
Though but an ar - mor-bear - er I may be.
Sure - ly the CAPTAIN may de - pend on me,
Though but an ar - mor-bear - er I may be.

Only an armor-bearer now in the field,
Guarding a shining helmet, sword, and shield,
Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-cry,
Ready then to answer, "Master, here am I."

Cho.

Only an armor-bearer, yet may I share
Glory immortal, and a bright crown wear:
If, in the battle, to my trust I 'm true,
Mine shall be the honors in the Grand Review.

Cho.

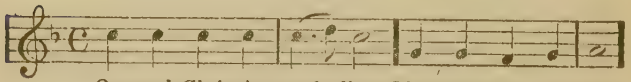
Onward, Christian Soldiers

(St. Gertrude)

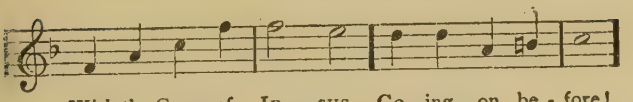
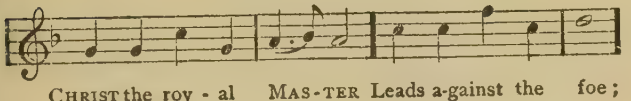
"*Be strong and of good courage . . . And the Lord, He it is that doth go before thee.*"

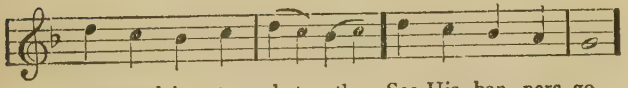
The children of Baring-Gould's Sunday-school had to walk from one village to another on an occasion when two schools were to join forces for the day. The author sat up nearly all night to compose something that would do better to march by than anything he had in mind. Could will doubtless be longest known by these words, just as Sullivan is likely to remain longest in the minds of people because of the music he set to them, though neither man valued his performance in the making of this hymn, as he valued his other work.

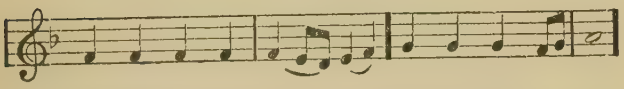
REV. S. BARING-GOULD (1865).
Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

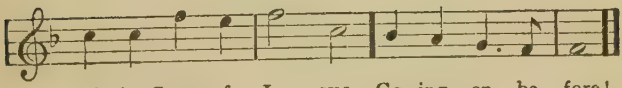


On-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers, March-ing as to war,









At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee:
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to Victory.

Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, Christian Soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of JESUS
Going on before!

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of GOD;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of JESUS
Constant will remain;

Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have CHRIST'S own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

Onward, then ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto CHRIST the KING,
This through countless ages
Men and Angels sing.
Onward, etc.

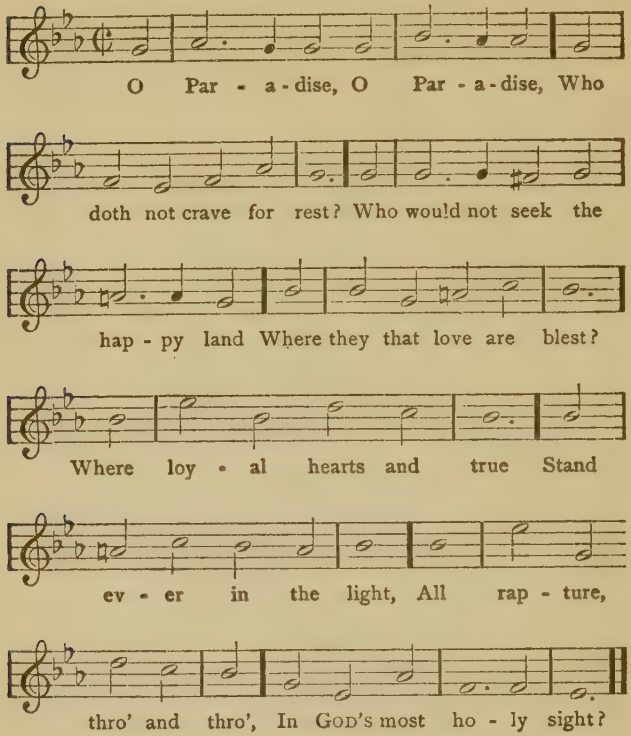
O Paradise! O Paradise!

(Longings)

"*The Paradise of God.*"

We have a combination of music and poetry in this hymn. It is very beautiful from both points of view. There was a Mendelssohn scholarship contended for, in which Sullivan and Barnby were close competitors. It was Sullivan who won the prize, but in musical excellence there was not much to choose between them. At eight years of age Sullivan had composed "By the Waters of Babylon." His musical genius was inherited, and he could play all the musical instruments used in his father's band. Barnby's hymn-tunes seem to float about unnamed, being published erratically as to their verse setting. The editors of "The Methodist Hymn-book" seem to have been the only ones who have tried to rectify this mistake.

Rev. F. W. FABER (1854). Sir JOSEPH BARNBY (1866).


O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who
doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the
hap - py land Where they that love are blest?
Where loy - al hearts and true Stand
ev - er in the light, All rap - ture,
thro' and thro', In GOD's most ho - ly sight?

O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold;

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In GOD'S most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
'T is weary waiting here;
I long to be where JESUS is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In GOD'S most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on Thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In GOD'S most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest LORD
In love prepares for me;

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

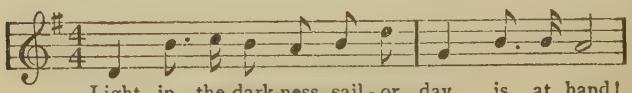
Lord Jesu, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

Pull for the Shore *

"*Therefore, my beloved, . . . work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.*"

On one occasion, when Mr. Moody was returning from Europe, the propelling shaft of the steamer broke, and the ship's company was compelled to await repairs, during which time no word could be got to either shore. Mrs. Moody, who was greatly distracted, was staying in Mr. Sankey's house. Bliss seems to have written this under the inspiration of the anxiety, although this is partly surmise, because the incident is only told *à propos* of the song, and not as a reason for its composition.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.



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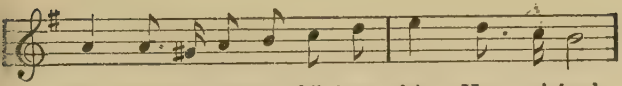
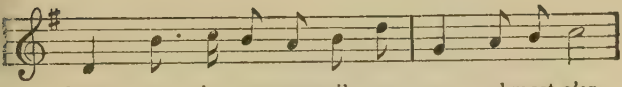
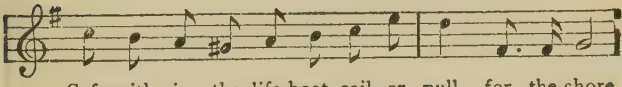


See o'er the foam-ing bil-lows fair Ha-ven's land;

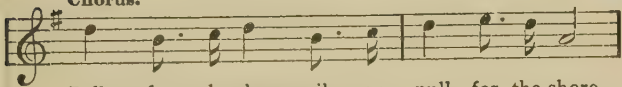


Drear was the voy-age, sail-or, now al-most o'er,

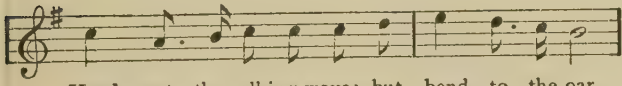


Safe with-in the life-boat, sail-or, pull for the shore.

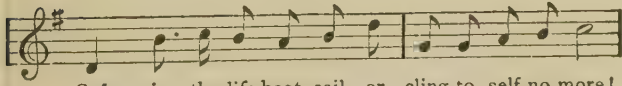
Chorus.



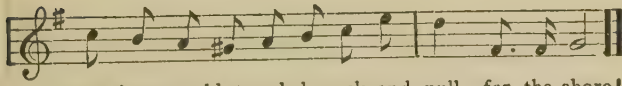
Pull for the shore, sail-or, pull for the shore,



Heed not the roll-ing waves, but bend to the oar,



Safe in the life-boat, sail-or, cling to self no more!



Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull for the shore!

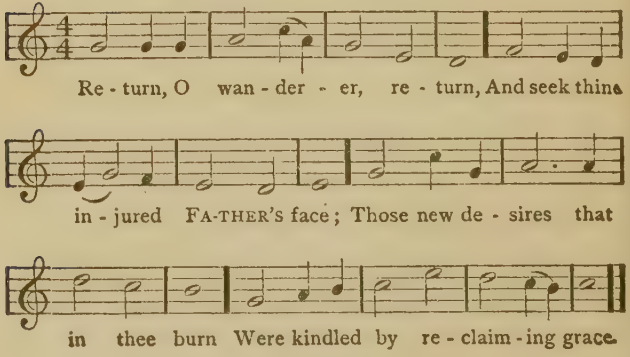
Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail,
Stronger the surges dash, and fiercer the gale,
Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they roar,
Safe within the life-boat, sailor, pull for the shore.
Cho.

Bright gleams the morning, sailor, lift up the eye;
Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh!
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore;
"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" pull for the shore.
Cho.

Return, O Wanderer, Return

(Zephyr)

Rev. Wm. B. Collyer. W. B. Bradbury.


Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And seek thine
in - jured FA-THER'S face; Those new de - sires that
in thee burn Were kindled by re - claim - ing grace.

Return, O wanderer, return,
  He hears thy deep repentant sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
  When no intruding ear is nigh.

Return, O wanderer, return,
  Thy SAVIOUR bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet and learn
  How freely JESUS can forgive.

Return, O wanderer, return,
  And wipe away the falling tear;
Thy FATHER calls, no longer mourn,
  'T is mercy's voice invites thee near.

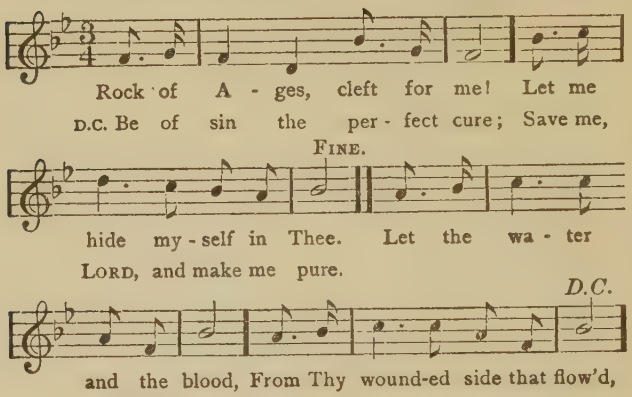
Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me!

(Rock of Ages)

"*That rock was Christ.*"

Augustus Toplady attended a meeting in a barn in Ireland, and was "converted." He said: "Strange that I, who had so long sat under the means in England, should be brought right unto God in an obscure part of Ireland, midst a handful of people met together in a barn, and by the ministry of one who could hardly spell his own name!" It was afterward that he wrote this hymn. We are told that when the Prince Consort was dying he constantly repeated these verses, remarking: "If in this hour I had only my worldly honors and dignities to depend upon I should be poor indeed."

Rev. A. M. Toplady (1776). T. Hastings (1830)


Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me
D.C. Be of sin the per - fect cure; Save me,
FINE.
hide my - self in Thee. Let the wa - ter
LORD, and make me pure.
D.C.
and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side that flow'd,

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment Throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

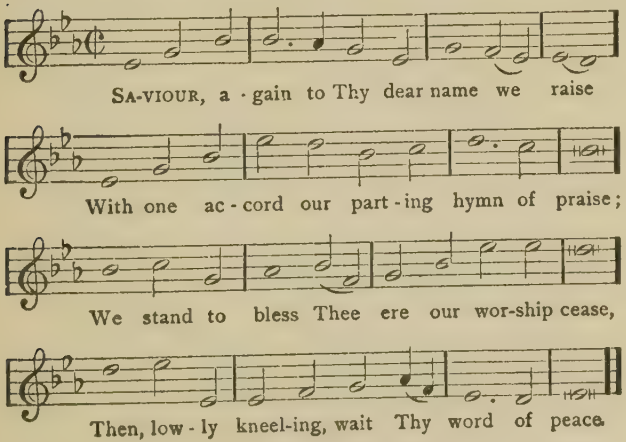
Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name we Raise

(Pax Dei)

"The Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace."

This hymn was written for a festival occasion at Nantwich, Cheshire, in 1862, and in its original form it had ten stanzas.

Rev. J. ELLERTON (1866). Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.


SA-VIOUR, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise
With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease,
Then, low - ly kneel-ing, wait Thy word of peace.

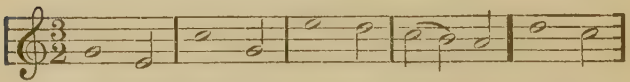
Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have call'd upon Thy Name.

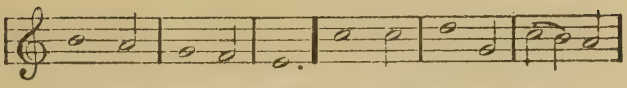
Grant us Thy peace, LORD, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

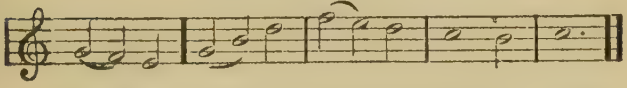
Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O LORD, to Thine eternal peace.

Saviour, Source of every Blessing

R. ROBINSON (1758). From a Tune of the
Adapted by Rev. H. B. WHITNEY. Roman Catholic Church.







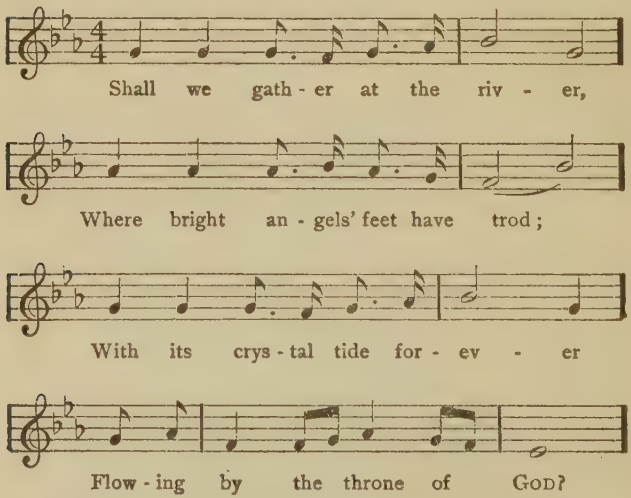
Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of GOD;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy Blood.

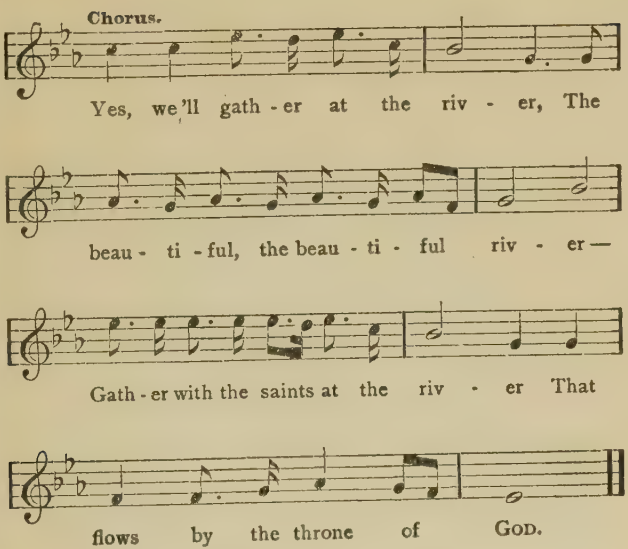
By Thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O LORD, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

Shall we Gather at the River?*

This was written on a hot afternoon in July, in 1864, while Dr. Lowry lived in Eliot Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. After he had written the words he composed the tune immediately, making use of his parlor organ. Dr. Lowry never thought very much of the result as a musical composition, and when it had become famous as a Sunday-school hymn he declared it to be "brass-band music, with a march movement," which accounted largely for its popularity. He heard it sung once, however, by a vast London congregation in the Old Bailey, where a convention of Sunday-school workers was being held. As he was leaving, the chairman of the meeting announced that the author of this hymn was present, and asked him to lead in the singing of it. A tremendous enthusiasm followed, which made the good doctor think somewhat better of his Eliot Place inspiration.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

Shall we gath - er at the riv - er,
Where bright an - gels' feet have trod;
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er
Flow - ing by the throne of GOD?

* Composed by Robert Lowry. Property of Mary Runyon Lowry. Used by permission.


Chorus.
Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The
beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er—
Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That
flows by the throne of GOD.

On the bosom of the river,
Where the SAVIOUR-KING we own,
We shall meet and sorrow never,
'Neath the glory of the throne. *Cho.*

'Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace, our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown. *Cho.*

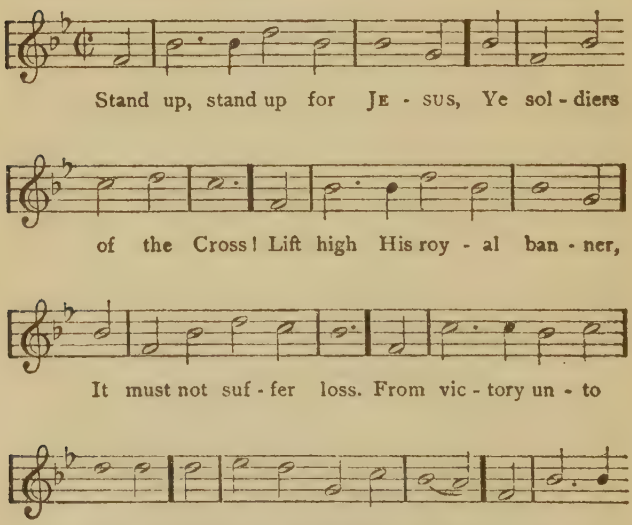
Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus

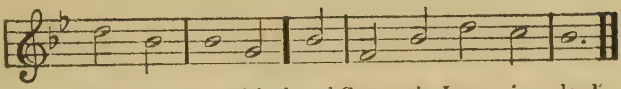
(Webb)

"Quit you like men: be strong."

This is distinctly an American hymn. The one authentic account of it is to be found complete in Duffield's story of hymns. This one was suggested by a sermon of the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, in connection with this young preacher's dying words: "Stand up for Jesus." Tyng died most tragically, and these verses were written by his dearest friend.

Rev. G. DUFFIELD (1858). G. J. WEBB.


Stand up, stand up for JE - SUS, Ye sol - diers
of the Cross! Lift high His roy - al ban - ner,
It must not suf - fer loss. From vic - tory un - to
vic-tory His ar - my shall He lead; Till ev - 'ry



Stand up! — stand up for JESUS!
The solemn watchword hear;
If while ye sleep He suffers,
Away with shame and fear;
Where'er ye meet with evil,
Within you or without,
Charge for the GOD of battle
And put the foe to rout.

Stand up! — stand up for JESUS!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this, His glorious day.
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumber'd foes;
Let courage rise with danger
And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up! — stand up for JESUS!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.

Put on the Gospel armor,
  Each piece put on with prayer;
When duty calls or danger
  Be never wanting there!

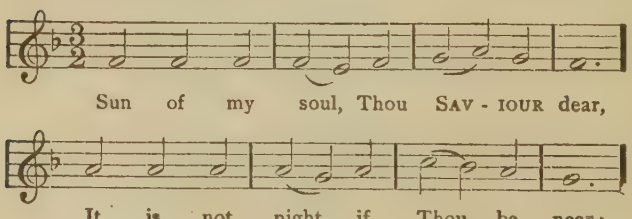
Stand up! — stand up for JESUS!
  The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
  The next, the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
  A crown of life shall be;
He with the KING OF GLORY
  Shall reign eternally.

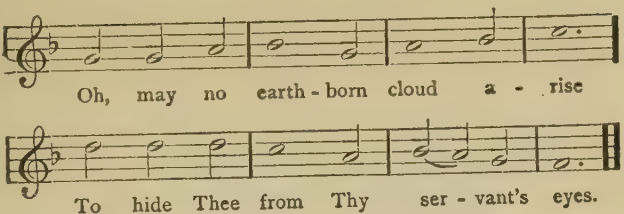
Sun of my Soul, Thou Saviour Dear

(Hursley)

"*Abide with us.*"

Rev. JOHN KEBLE (1820). *German.*





When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my SAVIOUR'S breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wand'ring child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice Divine
Now, LORD, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

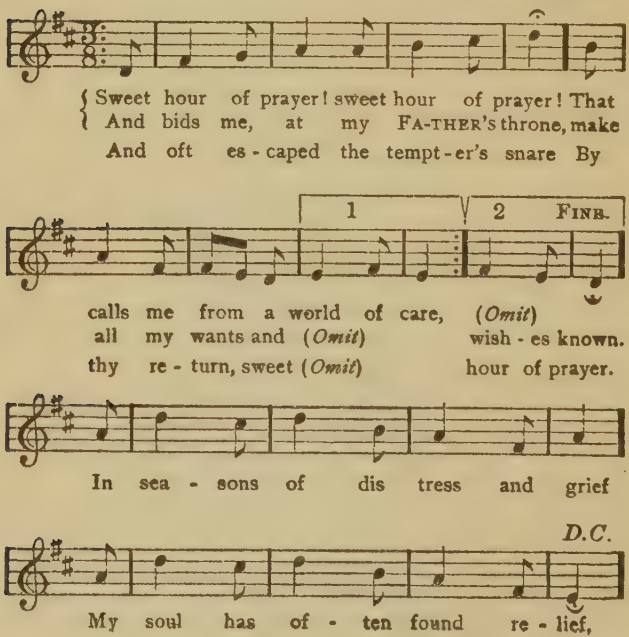
Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heav'n above.

Sweet Hour of Prayer!

Rev. Wm. W. Walford (1846).

W. B. Bradbury (1859).


Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That
And bids me, at my FA-THER's throne, make
And oft es - caped the tempt - er's snare By
1
2
FINE.
calls me from a world of care, (*Omit*)
all my wants and (*Omit*) wish - es known.
thy re - turn, sweet (*Omit*) hour of prayer.
In sea - sons of dis tress and grief
D.C.
My soul has of - ten found re - lief,

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him Whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and seek His grace,
I 'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till from mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I 'll drop and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

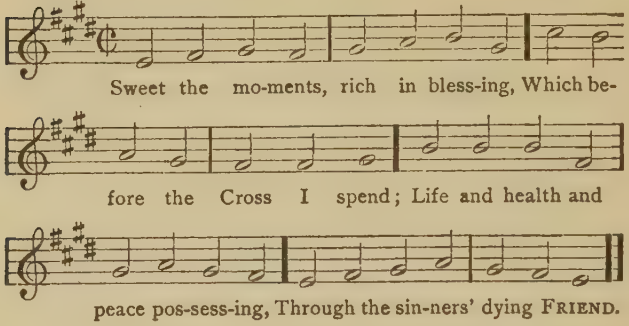
Sweet the Moments, Rich in Blessing

(Turnau)

"*Unto you therefore which believe He is precious.*"

This was evolved from a crude set of verses beginning, "While my Jesus I'm possessing." Lord Ferrers, the brother of the author, was thrown into the Tower of London for the murder of his steward, and was condemned to be hanged. This darkened all Shirley's life, but he wrote much that signified a patient soul. Shirley preached the latter part of his life, while sitting in a chair to which he was confined by dropsy.

Rev. W. SHIRLEY (1770). BACH.


Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-
fore the Cross I spend; Life and health and
peace pos-sess-ing, Through the sin-ners' dying FRIEND.

Here I rest forever viewing
Mercy pour'd in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with GOD.

Truly blessèd is the station,
Low before His Cross to lie,
Whilst I see Divine compassion
Beaming in His languid Eye.

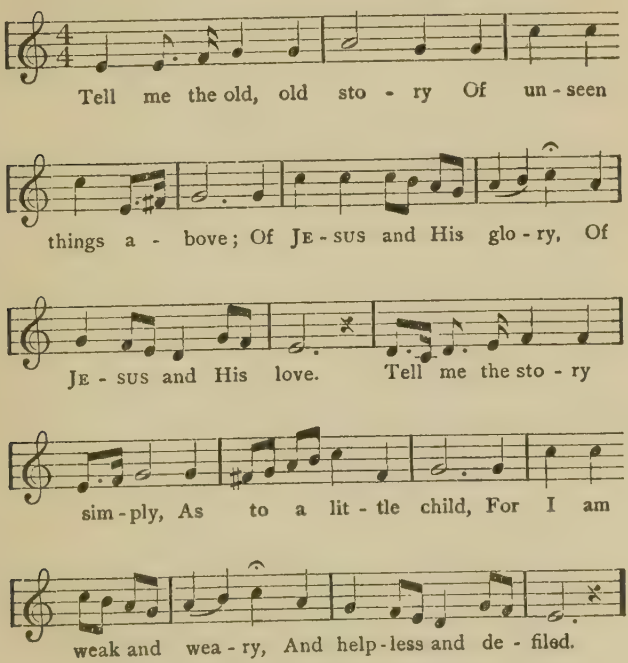
LORD, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on Thee
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thy unveil'd glory see.

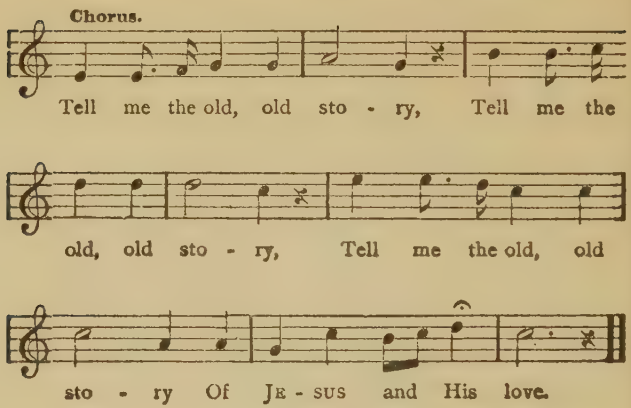
Tell me the Old, Old Story

"*Tell them how great things the Lord hath done.*"

This hymn has been translated and re-translated into various languages. The music was written in a stage-coach on a sweltering afternoon, between Glen Falls House and the Crawford House, in the White Mountains, and was sung the same evening in the hotel parlors. Nobody concerned ever expected it to have the vogue that it did have a little later.

KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE.


Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen
things a - bove; Of JE - SUS and His glo - ry, Of
JE - SUS and His love. Tell me the sto - ry
sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am
weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed.



Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in —
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often
For I forget so soon,
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon. *Cho.*

Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I 'm the sinner,
Whom Jesus came to save;

Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me. *Cho.*

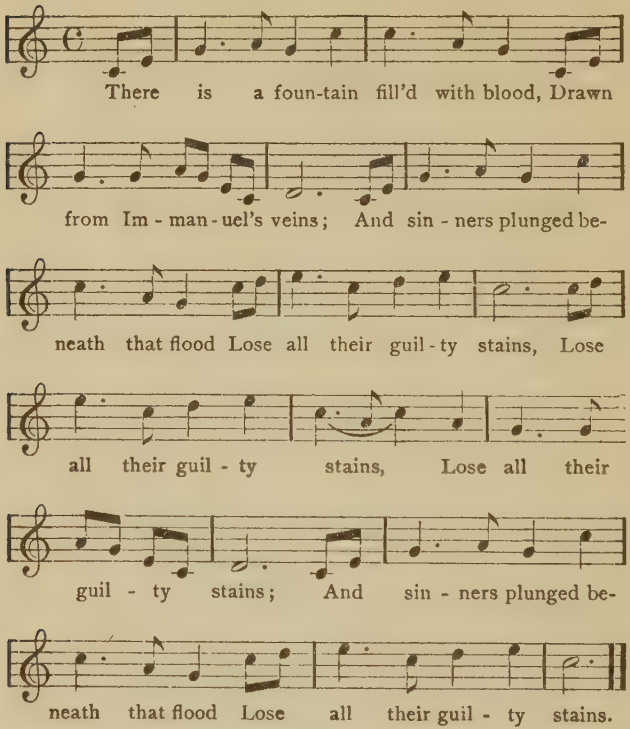
Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"CHRIST JESUS makes thee whole." *Cho.*

There is a Fountain Filled with Blood

(Arlington)

"In that day shall be a fountain opened ... for sin and for uncleanness."

Cowper did not make this hymn originally read: "And there have I, as vile as he, washed all my sins away," but many versions have it so. This version of the tune is the familiar one, but the original, written by Arne, was in ⅔, common metre, and was the tune to which the words were properly adapted. It is a revival favorite of a former time, before the Moody and Sankey songs became popular.

WILLIAM COWPER (1779). T. A. ARNE.

There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn
from Im - man - uel's veins; And sin - ners plunged be-
neath that flood Lose all their guil - ty stains, Lose
all their guil - ty stains, Lose all their
guil - ty stains; And sin - ners plunged be-
neath that flood Lose all their guil - ty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear, dying LAMB, Thy precious Blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of GOD
Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing Wounds supply
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I 'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

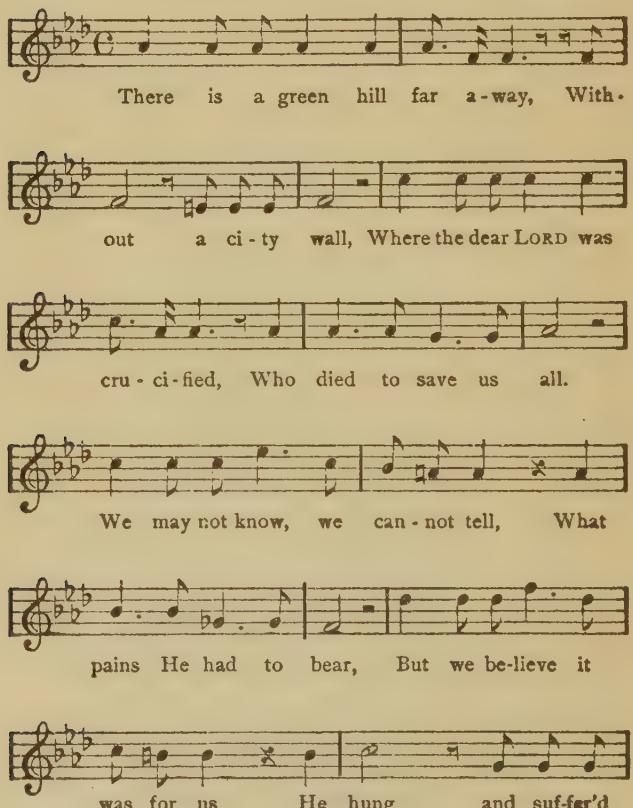
LORD, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me.

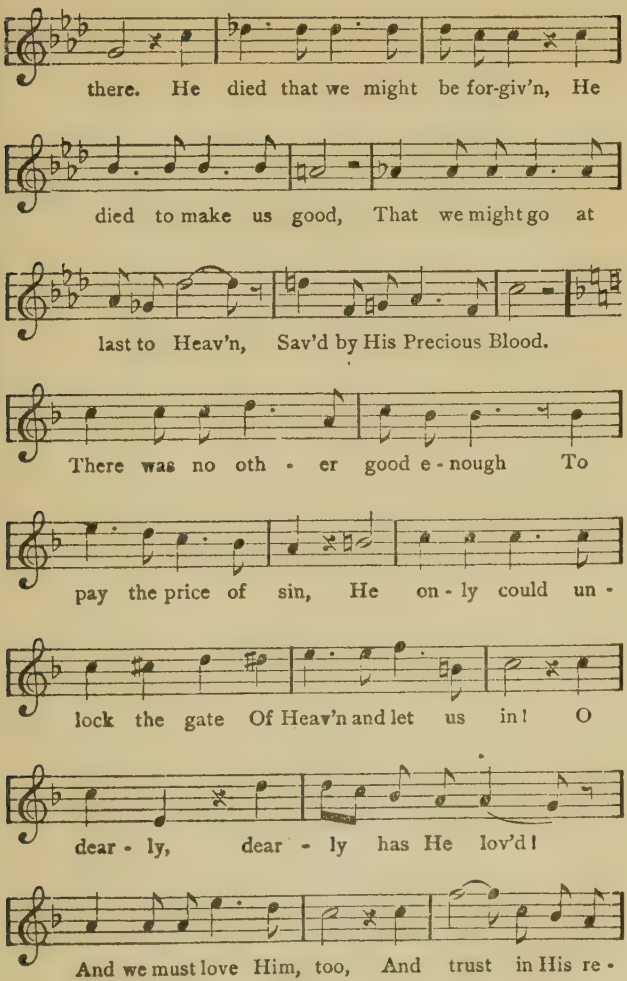
'T is strung and tuned for endless years,
And form'd by power Divine,
To sound in GOD the FATHER'S Ears
No other name but Thine.

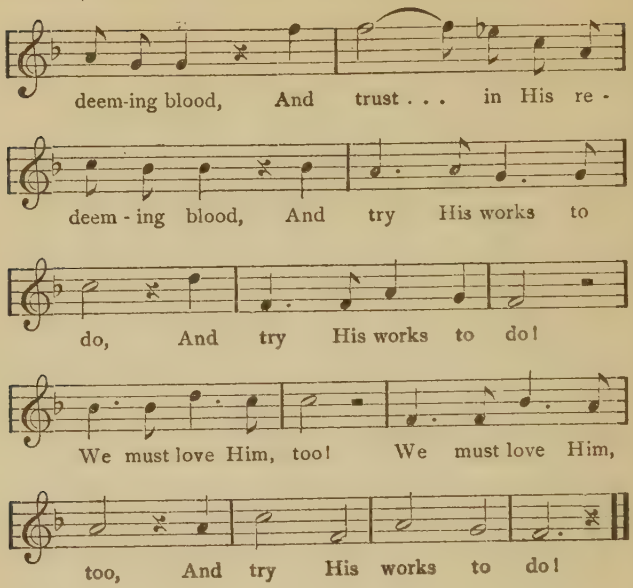
There is a Green Hill Far Away

(Le Calvaire)

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. Ch. Gounod.


There is a green hill far a-way, With-
out a ci-ty wall, Where the dear Lord was
cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
We may not know, we can-not tell, What
pains He had to bear, But we be-lieve it
was for us He hung and suf-fer'd


there. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He
died to make us good, That we might go at
last to Heav'n, Sav'd by His Precious Blood.
There was no oth - er good e - nough To
pay the price of sin, He on - ly could un -
lock the gate Of Heav'n and let us in! O
dear - ly, dear - ly has He lov'd!
And we must love Him, too, And trust in His re -


deem-ing blood, And trust . . . in His re -
deem - ing blood, And try His works to
do, And try His works to do!
We must love Him, too! We must love Him,
too, And try His works to do!

There's a Land that is Fairer than Day *

> "*The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.*"

This hymn was written in about thirty minutes, music and all. Webster was a melancholy sort of man, and Bennett, who was associated with him in getting out song-books, found that his confrere was better to be kept busy. One day Webster came in where Bennett was and stood by the stove moodily, with his back to Bennett. "What's the matter now?" Bennett asked. "Oh, nothing. It will be all right by and by," he said,

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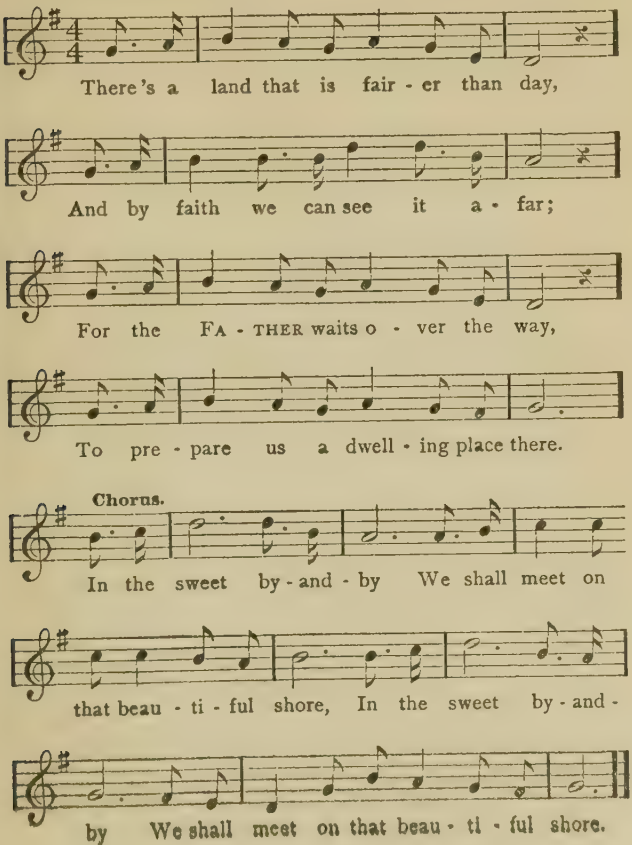
and Bennett was impressed by the last words, and on the instant wrote the hymn verses. They pleased Webster and he stood by the stove and wrote the music.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT. JOS. P. WEBSTER.


There's a land that is fair - er than day,
And by faith we can see it a - far;
For the FA - THER waits o - ver the way,
To pre - pare us a dwell - ing place there.
Chorus.
In the sweet by - and - by We shall meet on
that beau - ti - ful shore, In the sweet by - and -
by We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

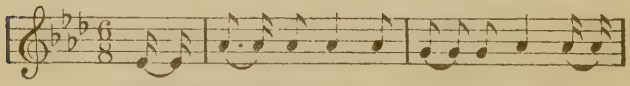
We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful FATHER above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days. *Cho.*

There Were Ninety and Nine *

The manner in which this song was set to music excellently demonstrates one of the peculiar elements of real genius — spontaneity. There is no doubt that Ira Sankey was a genius in his chosen line. He found the words of this hymn in a newspaper on a train between Glasgow and Edinburgh. The next day at the close of a meeting Mr. Moody asked Mr. Sankey if he had not something to sing appropriate to the subject of the talk which had just been given upon "the good Shepherd." Sankey offered a prayer in order to gain a moment for thought, as he had already sung, congregationally, everything appropriate to the occasion. These words were in his mind, and while he prayed he tried to form something like a tune. When he went to the organ, the tune evolved itself just as it stands to-day. It is superior in every way to the songs of P. P. Bliss, and, in a different manner, it has aroused revivals among thousands.

E. C. CLEPHANE. IRA D. SANKEY (1871).



There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the

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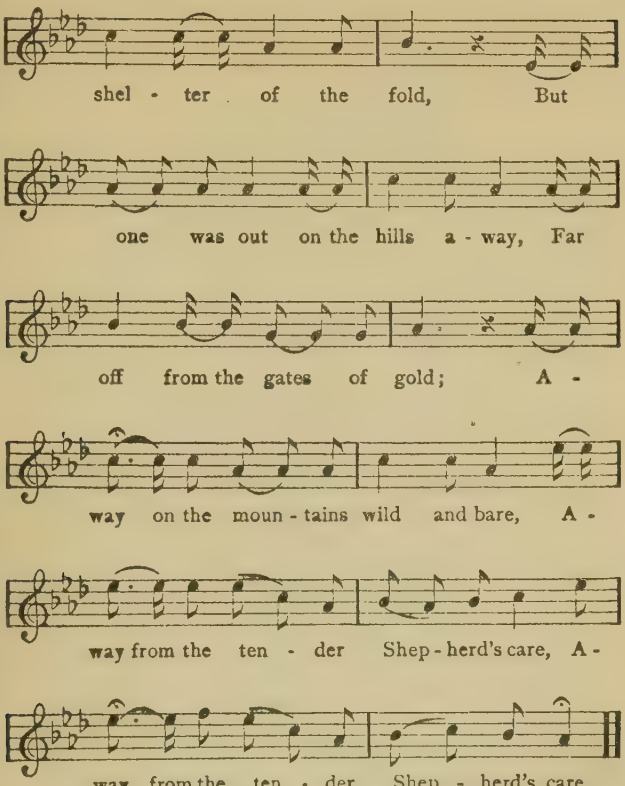

shel - ter of the fold, But
one was out on the hills a - way, Far
off from the gates of gold; A -
way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A -
way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care, A -
way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.

"LORD, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the SHEPHERD made answer: "This of mine

Has wandered away from me,
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night the LORD passed
through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out on the desert He heard its cry,—
Sick and helpless and ready to die.

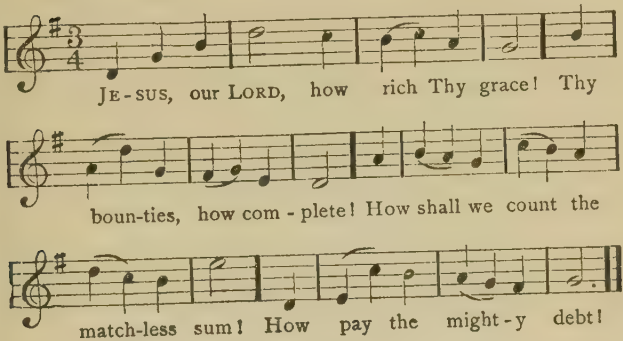
"LORD, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the SHEPHERD could bring him back."
"LORD, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a glad cry to the gate of Heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found My sheep!"
And the Angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice! for the LORD brings back His own!"

Jesus, our Lord, how Rich Thy Grace

(Chesterfield)

DODDRIDGE. T. HAWEIS.



The Son of God goes Forth to War

Tune, *Chesterfield.*

The SON of GOD goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in his train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

The Martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;

Who saw his MASTER in the sky,
And call'd on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong;
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the SPIRIT came,
Twelve valiant Saints, their hope they knew,
And mock'd the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bow'd their necks, the death to feel;
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the SAVIOUR'S Throne rejoice
In robes of light array'd.

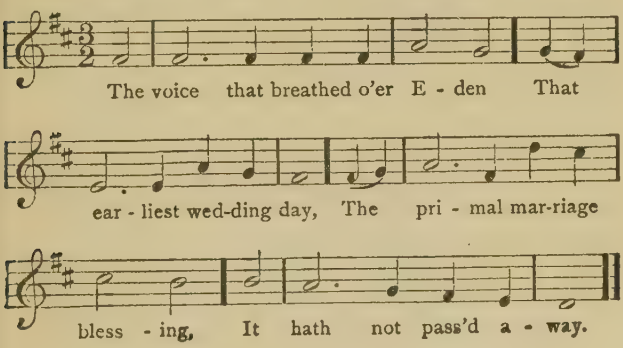
They climb'd the steep ascent of Heav'n
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O GOD, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden

(Eden)

"*A threefold cord is not quickly broken.*"

Rev. JOHN KEBLE (1857). St. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK.



Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid
The Holy THREE are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

For dower of blessèd children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union
Wihch naught on earth may break.

Be present, awful FATHER,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side.

Be present, SON of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine Eternal bands.

Be present, Holiest SPIRIT,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for CHRIST, the Bridegroom,
The Heavenly Spouse dost seal.

O spread Thy pure Wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine Altar
The hallow'd path they trace.

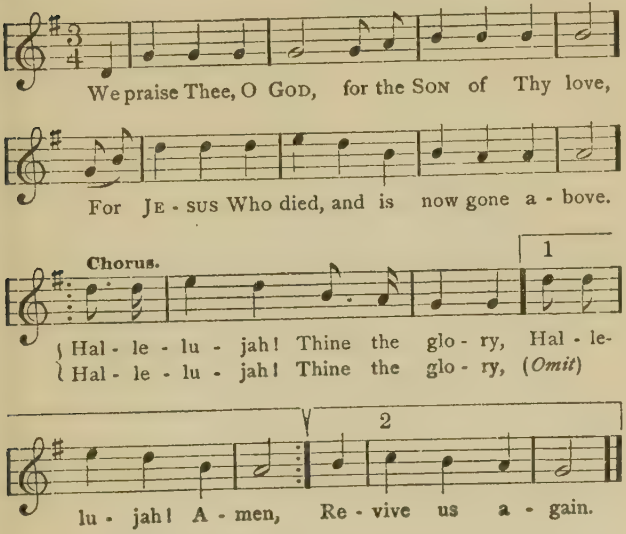
To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With CHRIST'S own Bride thy rise.

We Praise Thee, O God

(Revive us again)

Dr. WILLIAM P. MACKAY (1866).

JOHN J. HUSBAND (1798).


We praise Thee, O GOD, for the SON of Thy love,
For JE - SUS Who died, and is now gone a - bove.
Chorus.
1
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le-
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, (*Omit*)
2
lu - jah! A - men, Re - vive us a - gain.

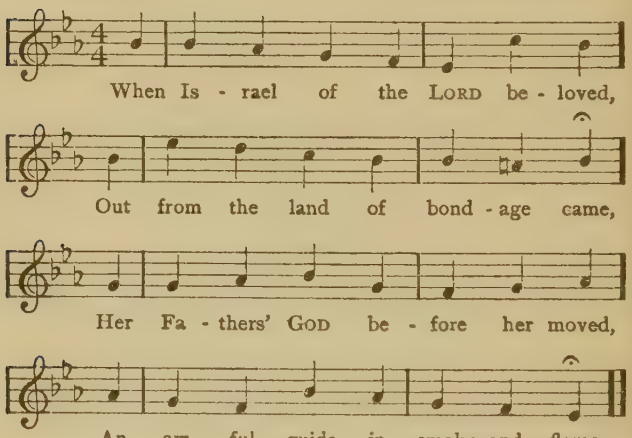
We praise Thee, O GOD! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our SAVIOUR, and scattered
our night. *Cho.*

All glory and praise to the LAMB that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed every
stain. *Cho.*

When Israel of the Lord Beloved

(Melcombe)

WALTER SCOTT. SAMUEL WEBBE.


When Is - rael of the LORD be - loved,
Out from the land of bond - age came,
Her Fa - thers' GOD be - fore her moved,
An aw - ful guide, in smoke and flame.

By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

And Oh, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

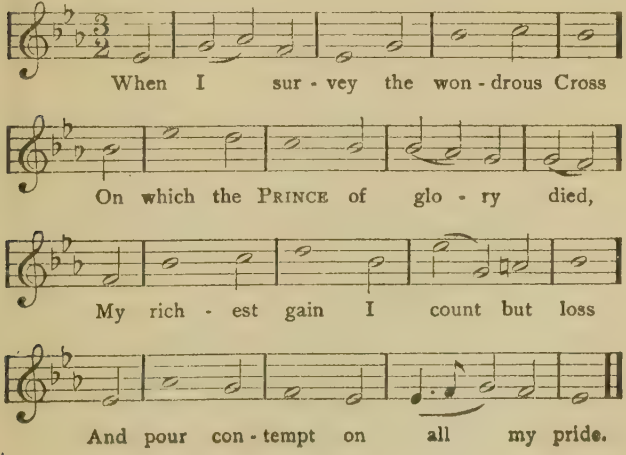
(Rockingham)

"What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ."

This was set to an extraordinary tune called *Tombstone*, which was quite unsingable. There is an omitted stanza which reads:

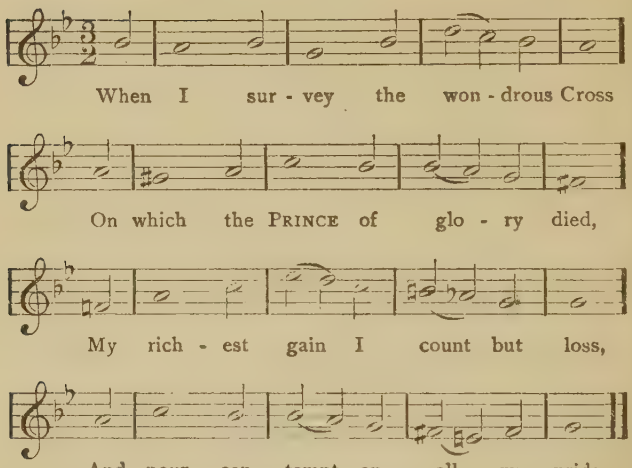
"His dying Crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the Tree;
Then I am dead to all the Globe,
And all the Globe is dead to me."

ISAAC WATTS (1707). Dr. MILLAR.


When I sur - vey the won - drous Cross
On which the PRINCE of glo - ry died,
My rich - est gain I count but loss
And pour con - tempt on all my pride.

SECOND TUNE.
(Redemption*)

J. I. T.


When I sur - vey the won - drous Cross
On which the PRINCE of glo - ry died,
My rich - est gain I count but loss,
And pour con - tempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast
Save in the Cross of CHRIST my GOD;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

See from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

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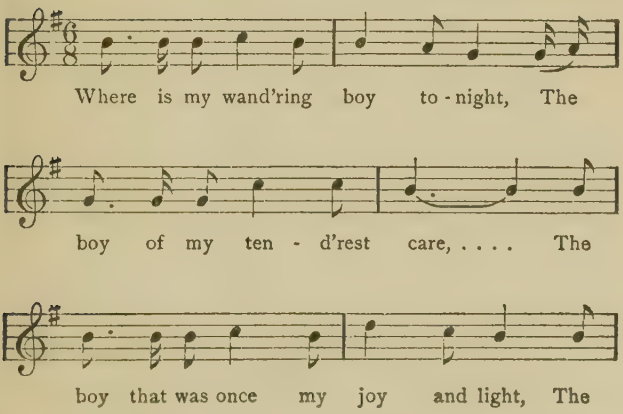
Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

To CHRIST, Who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransom'd race
For ever and for evermore.

Where is my Wandering Boy To-night *

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.



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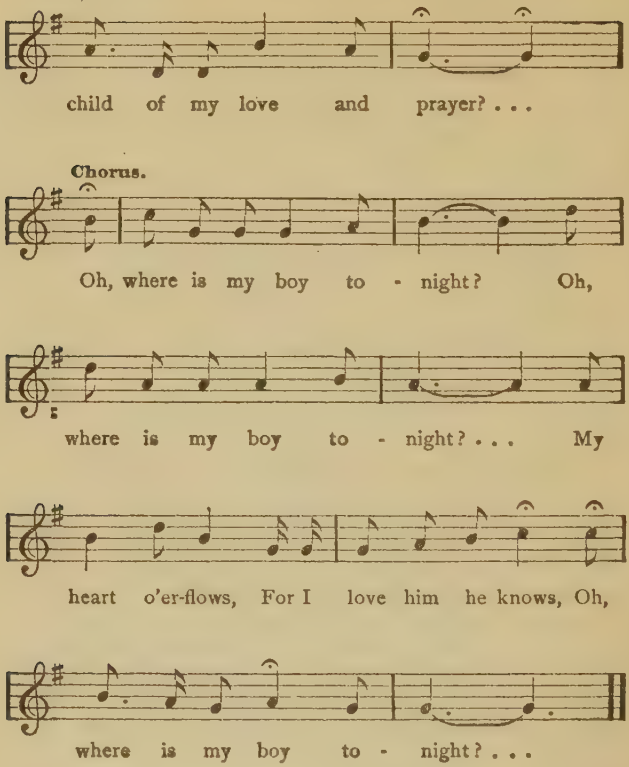

child of my love and prayer? . . .
Chorus.
Oh, where is my boy to - night? Oh,
where is my boy to - night? . . . My
heart o'er-flows, For I love him he knows, Oh,
where is my boy to - night? . . .

Once he was pure as morning dew,
As he knelt at his mother's knee;
No face was so bright, no heart so true,
And none was so sweet as he. *Cho.*

Oh, could I see you now, my boy,
As fair as in olden time,
When prattle and smile made home a joy,
And life was a merry chime! *Cho.*

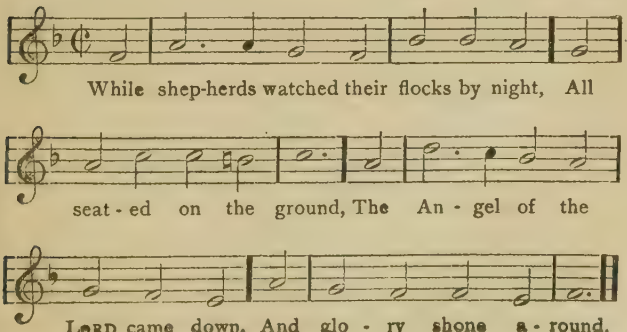
Go for my wandering boy to-night;
Go search for him where you will;
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still. *Cho.*

While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night

(Winchester)

"*Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.*"

NATHAN TATE (1703). GEO. KIRBYE.


While shep-herds watched their flocks by night, All
seat - ed on the ground, The An - gel of the
LORD came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

"Fear not," said He, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour who is CHRIST the LORD;
And this shall be the sign.

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of Angels praising GOD, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:

"All glory be to GOD on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from Heav'n to men
Begin and never cease."

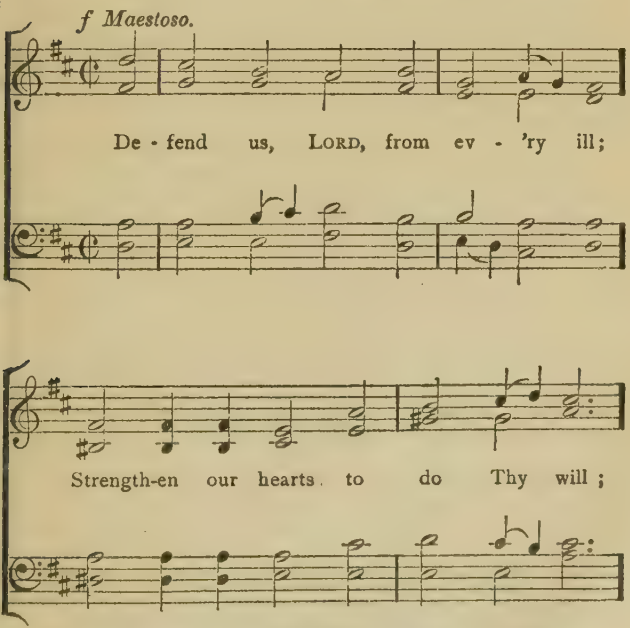
APPENDIX

The music and words to the following hymns have been especially loaned for this book — the music being composed for the purpose — in order that hymns, distinctively American both in verse and music, might be presented. There is much that is fine and that is American to be found elsewhere, but Mr. Gilder, Mr. Lanier, and John Hay have made verses peculiarly suitable and characteristic, and the Rev. Hobart B. Whitney's music admirably reflects the spirit of the text, particularly in the case of Mr. Lanier's verses.

EDITOR.

APPENDIX

Defend us, Lord, from every Ill*

JOHN HAY. Rev. HOBART B. WHITNEY.

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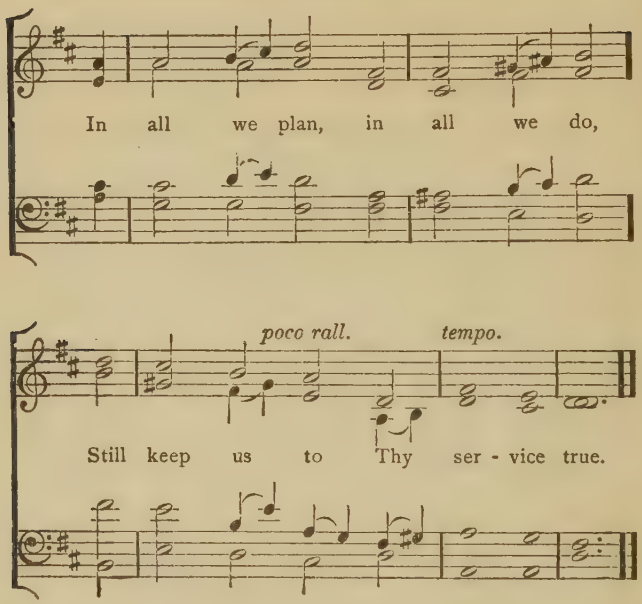
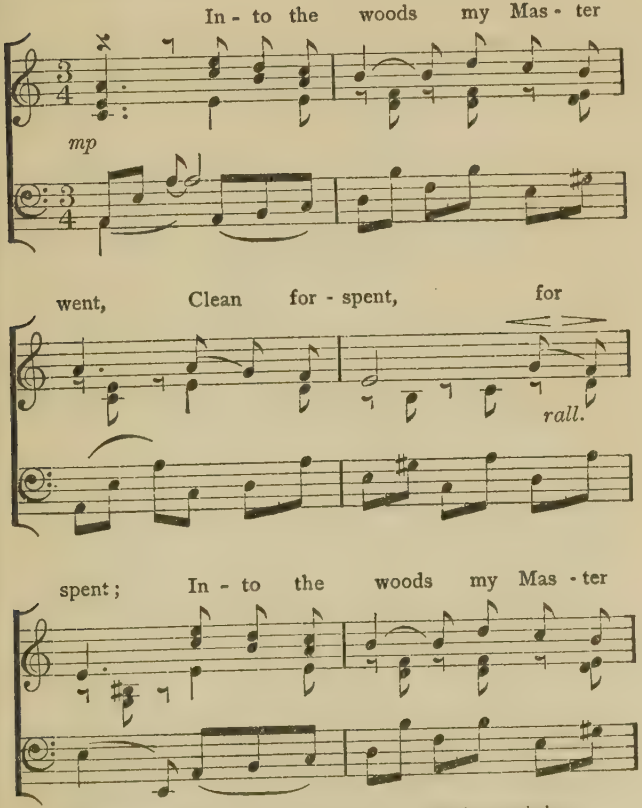

O let us hear the inspiring word
Which they of old at Horeb heard;
Breathe to our hearts the high command,
"Go onward and possess the land!"

Thou who art light, shine on each soul!
Thou who art truth, each mind control!
Open our eyes and make us see
The path which leads to Heaven and Thee!

Into the Woods my Master Went*

SIDNEY LANIER. Rev. HOBART B. WHITNEY.



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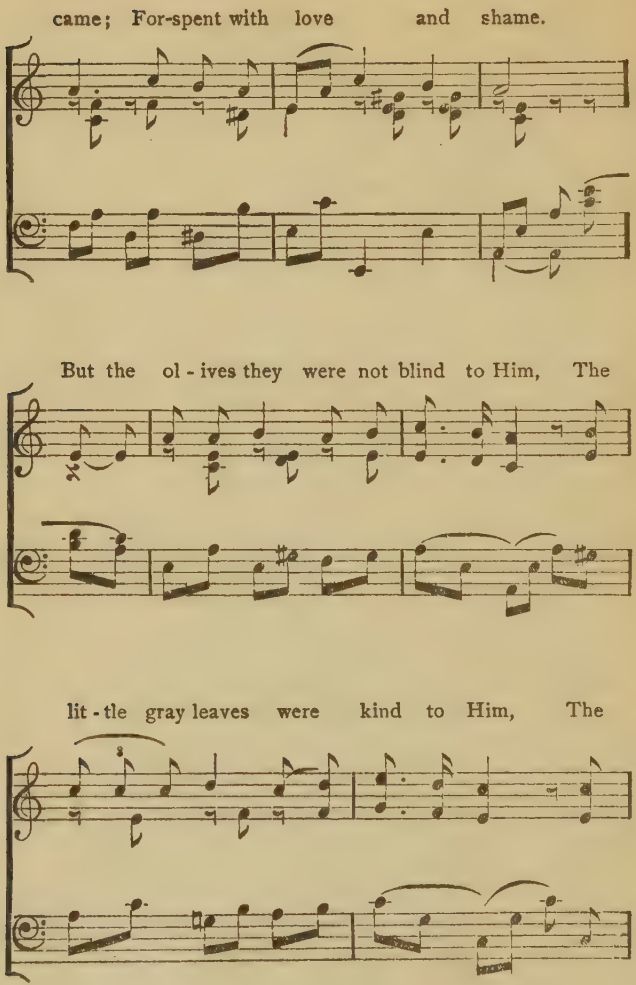
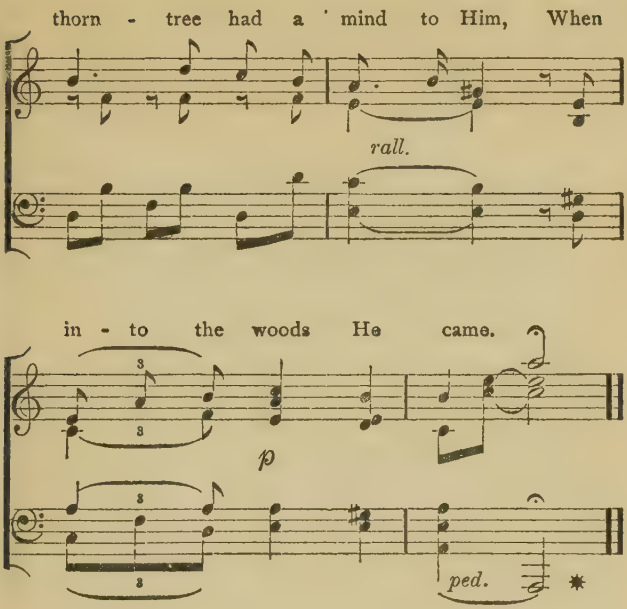
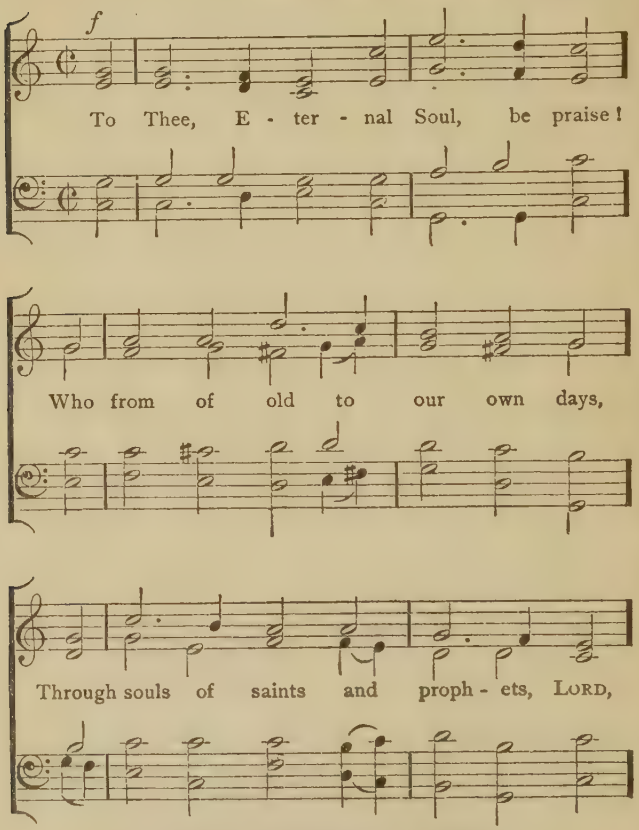

came; For-spent with love and shame.
But the ol - ives they were not blind to Him, The
lit - tle gray leaves were kind to Him, The

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content;
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last,
'T was on a tree they slew Him last,
When out of the woods He came.

To Thee, Eternal Soul, be Praise*

RICHARD WATSON GILDER. Rev. HOBART B. WHITNEY.



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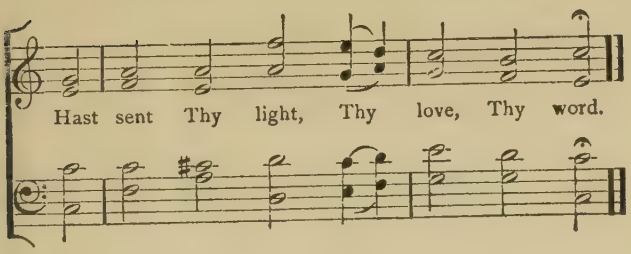

We thank Thee for each mighty one
Through whom Thy living light hath shone;
And for each humble soul and sweet
That lights to Heaven our wandering feet.

We thank Thee for the love divine
Made real in every saint of Thine;
That boundless love itself that gives
In service to each soul that lives.

We thank Thee for the word of might
Thy Spirit spake in darkest night —
Spake through the trumpet voices loud
Of prophets at Thy throne who bowed.

Eternal Soul, our souls keep pure,
That like Thy saints we may endure;
Forever through Thy servants, LORD,
Send Thou Thy light, Thy love, Thy word.

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